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*The ten-in-one hat,  
see page 23*

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12 SEP 1952

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# LOVE HAS NO PRICE

By **MAY SARTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BROADHURST

"THERE'S nothing to be done," Sandy said, as if someone else's life and not his own were in question. "Some people are unlucky just as some people are lucky." He half-closed his eyes and took a long puff of his cigar. "Let's retire in small pleasures—when Phoebe is at home I can never smoke a cigar."

But Richard didn't answer. The evening had been a shock, this coming to which he had looked forward so eagerly, his first evening back after six long years in Government service in British Somaliland, his first dinner at the Somerset Club with his oldest and best friend. He felt old, old and tired, though he was not quite forty and hadn't a grey hair. Richard Hilliard was a handsome man with a lawyer's sharply defined nose and bright laurel eyes, a humorous mouth. He and Sandy had been at school together, gone on to study law together, had had the same wild hopes and ambitions, and now Richard was unhappily conscious that they were out of step for the first time.

He looked over at Sandy thoughtfully; he's let himself go out of condition, he thought. There was something heavy and at the same time diminished about the man opposite him, physically heavy, as blond, rather florid men often are in middle age, but also diminished in vitality. He looked half-asleep, his blue eyes mild and hazy. There had been a long silence, the first natural silence between them. Richard broke it by throwing down his napkin and saying: "Darn that woman!"

"She is fairly maddening," Sandy smiled.

"If she really is fond of you, why can't she see what she's doing?" Richard had no patience with unclear, sentimental women. Perhaps he didn't really like women very much; his deepest loyalty, that which was involved in his friendship with Sandy, had never been called out by a woman. He felt suddenly impatient.

"Life seems rather simple to you, doesn't it, Richard?" Sandy asked. There was a slight edge in his voice.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, only that this is a complicated business. I can't marry Elisabeth, and she has a pretty deeply ingrained resistance to any other kind of arrangement."

"She's a grown-up person; she's been married. She knows you can't divorce Phoebe and be responsible for a real relapse, doesn't she?"

Sandy rubbed a hand over his forehead, and the gesture was full of weariness and defeat. "It's been going on too long. It'll never change now. So let's skip it."

Richard pushed down the anger he felt rising in him, a fierce, cold anger against this woman who had managed to beat Sandy down, but even more he felt angry at life which could wreck a fine chap like Sandy, throw him on the scrapheap, barely used at all. It wasn't fair. But Richard turned off his anger and changed the subject. They talked shop for a while, and then they talked about Phoebe, Sandy's wife, who had broken down two years after their marriage and spent about half of every year in nursing homes, and the other half at home with a nurse, closely supervised by her psychiatrist—with two nurses, Richard thought bitterly, for Sandy's relation to her was hardly that of a husband.

They've taken almost everything away from him that a man can want, Richard thought; even his work, for Sandy had wanted to teach law but he had been forced to go into private practice to pay his wife's nursing-home bills. He had no children. And when at last a chance for a little happiness had come along in the shape of Elisabeth Grainger, she turned out to be one of these women who can't give, one of these women who put a rigid moral code above everything.

Whatever they talked about, in the end they found themselves with a wall between them, Richard's anger at this impossible situation his friend had got himself into, and Sandy's detached, ironic passivity about it. In the end, this evening, which they had both looked forward to as a kind of haven, was a failure.

"Well, so long, old man, don't let them get you down," Richard said the old clichés, helpless to do more. They shook hands. Sandy halted at the Tube station at the first corner, and Richard turned down towards the hotel where he was staying till he could find a place to live. He walked along by Hyde Park, bleak in the snowless November night, the pavements damp under his feet, and a red glow over the buildings from the ubiquitous neon lights. Even London had lost some of its charm. I must be getting old, Richard thought. It's all gone sour. Perhaps Sandy's right and I should get married, though why he should advise it, goodness only knows.

It was only half-past nine when Richard got back to the hotel, and he went into the bar to have a night-cap; he felt restless. Richard's brain worked a good deal faster than his heart; he still believed that anything was possible if you went

at it the right way. He got up and went to the telephones in the hall. He found the number easily.

"Hallo, Mrs. Grainger. This is Richard Hilliard speaking—yes, I'm back from East Africa. I wondered if I could drop in for half an hour this evening."

"That's a fine idea," the voice, impersonal, a little surprised, told him nothing.

"I'll come right away."

This, Richard thought, is better than sitting around groaning. It shouldn't be too hard. And yet, when he stood on the doorstep of the high, narrow Chelsea house, he felt a slight qualm. Would Sandy mind this? Not, he thought, if I can make her see sense. Her flat, he noted, was on the first floor. He rang the bell. Mrs. Grainger came to the door herself.

"Come in," she said warmly, "this is a lucky evening for me. I was supposed to go to a concert, but decided not to at the last moment."

Richard was surprised to discover that he liked her. He had expected a rather tense, tight person with mousey hair. But Elisabeth Grainger looked both beautifully young and beautifully at ease in a low-cut dark brown evening-gown; she had a narrow, mischievous face.

When they were settled before the fire in her sitting-room, which reminded Richard that she was a painter, for there were several of her things on the walls and a rough sketch of Sandy on the mantelpiece, she said, "What's on your mind?"

"At the moment," Richard hedged, "I'm trying to put you and the paintings together—that's not bad of Sandy," he conceded. The finished paintings disturbed him. They were full of despair, he thought, such dark, terrible colors, such tortured, chaotic paintings.

"It's no good," she said frankly, "I'll never be able to paint him."

"Why not?"

"No time, for one thing. He comes here for an hour or two, tired, and I haven't the heart to make him sit for me. Also," she added, lighting a cigarette, "I know him too well."

"Yes," Richard said, "I suppose so."

Please turn to page 41



**She knew what love demanded  
from her, but he had still to learn**





# NORTH FORK FOLLY

By **HANNIBAL COONS**

thony had even asked me to personally wash his back, for Heaven's sake start beating the water.

So, George, it looks like you will have to buckle on your chaps, chap. Hop down there and take a fast look at the place, and then somehow get Anthony's name in the papers in connection with the word ranch. That is all I ask. I don't care how you do it—just do it.

Let me caution you on only one point. Since we won't be publicising any particular picture, I won't have any budget for any special expenses. So don't get any fancy ideas. In fact, just so that you will understand the situation, I will enclose your expense money for the project—two dollars. Anything you care to spend over that you can get from Anthony, which I think you will agree is impossible. So adjust your sights accordingly. And the best of luck to you. The address of Anthony's place is Hidden Acres Ranch, North Fork, Texas. All I know about it is it is somewhere near Amarillo. But I am sure that you can find it. Just walk around Amarillo in widening circles and you are bound to come to it. Love—DICK.

P.S.—Oh, I forgot to add the good news. You will not be alone. Dear Anthony is leaving here at dawn tomorrow aboard a chartered sky nag with a small group of guests—his leading lady, Sally Knight; his director, Henry Kline; a cameraman; and those two noted writers of Western movies, Nick Blik and Sam Obaloominofski.

As you might imagine, the purpose of this mass heira is not completely social. Anthony is already busily planning to rent the premises to the studio as a location site and he is bringing this first group along to start peddling the idea.

But you don't have to worry about that. Just get Anthony his small toot in the papers and get out of there. And don't spend any money.—DICK.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Sorry. But can't have a thing to do with Anthony Blaine. I just wished my hands.—George.

George Seibert,  
Hotel Netherland Plaza,  
Cincinnati, O.

Okay. So he's a big tub of tripe. I agree with you. But let us bear in mind that his fearless renditions of cowboy songs are currently paying a good part of our handsome salaries. What time are you leaving?—Dick.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Dick. He has undoubtedly gypped seven elderly widows out of that place. How can we publicise a thing like that in good conscience?—George.

George Seibert,  
Hotel Netherland Plaza,  
Cincinnati, O.

When, may I ask, did you develop a conscience? Next you'll be wanting Sunday off. Now hop on down there to the ranch and get this deservng boy's name in the paper. Handle your likes and dislikes in your own time. Best regards.—Dick.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Okay. Which way did they go? It's my own fault for ever getting into this publicity business. Will report from the cow country.—Hopalong.

HOTEL ST. REGIS,  
North Fork, Texas.

October 25, 1951. Air Mail Special.  
Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Dear Dick.—Well, I didn't think that Anthony could do anything to surprise me, but he has. Do you know how big his great cow ranch has turned out to be? Seventeen acres. In Texas that is not a ranch but a pimple. It's like owning an ice cube in Alaska. Down here they speak of ranches not in acres at all but in sections, with maybe a hundred sections—64,000 acres being considered a fair start towards a piece of land.

Dick, there's no way to publicise this smidgen of the Panhandle. There's nothing here. The buildings on the place consist of a small, ric-

kety barn and a little frame house that's worth around four dollars. The stock consists of three cows, all thin enough to be hurdlers, and one goat. Besides Anthony.

Some old guy in Amarillo used this little detour on Tolleson Road, and nobody would pay a nickel for it, so just for a joke somebody said why didn't he run an ad in the Hollywood paper and sell it to one of those movie cowboys. He did. And Anthony bought it. The neighboring ranchers say maybe he's going to raise git-tars; they wouldn't take much room. It might be added that Anthony's immediate neighbors have, respectively, 51,200 and 76,800 acres, with healthy cows parked on the premises practically shoulder to shoulder, so there is good reason for their merriment. Anthour is providing the Texas Panhandle with a lot of real good fun.

Mercifully, word of the debacle has not yet reached Anthony's ear. He is strutting around the place with his guests as proudly as though he owned both Dallas and Fort Worth, and as long as they all keep their dark glasses on perhaps they will never know the truth.

So suppose I just phone Anthony and tell him I've had an urgent call to Spitzbergen. And then get out of here, and maybe he'll lose interest in the place and get back to Hollywood, where he belongs, where a hundred-foot lot and a cocker spaniel is considered quite a spread. Okay? I'm ready to leave any time. Regards—GEORGE.

George Seibert,  
Hotel St. Regis,  
North Fork, Texas.

Create some newsworthy event if you have to burn down the barn.—Dick.

HOTEL ST. REGIS,  
North Fork, Texas.

October 28, 1951. Air Mail.  
Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Dear Dick.—Well, okay; if you want me to just blaze away in the hope of bringing something down by sheer accident, I will do so. In fact, I have done so.

FEDERAL PICTURES,  
Hollywood, California.  
October 23, 1951. Air Mail.

From Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity,  
Mr. George Seibert,  
Special Rep., Federal Pictures,  
Hotel Netherland Plaza,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear George.—George, I have another small dog I need walked. Just once around the block. All it requires is a short trip to the beautiful Texas Panhandle. Near, to put it bluntly, Amarillo.

Actually, George, I haven't the heart to try to build this one to you. But somebody has to do it, and you drew the short straw.

Do you perchance know our handsome Western star Mr. Anthony Blaine, of the singing strings and the chest rouser? Well, Anthony has bought himself a ranch in the Texas Panhandle. An honest-to-gosh cow factory. When he first told me about it a few days ago, I said, well, isn't

that dandy, and good luck with the calving.

Unfortunately, life is not that simple. Anthony, modest, unassuming boy that he is, wants us to start banging the anvil to give the entire world the vital news that he is now a rancher complete with ranch. As you know, every time he brushes his teeth he feels a flash should go out to the peasants waiting at the palace gates.

I'd like to tell him to go roll his hoop. But at the moment we are making everything out here except money, and Anthony's horse operas are going a long way towards paying the freight. He can therefore do little wrong on this campus. Plus the fact that his current contract is up in October, and Eagle-Griffith is lurking about trying to lure him into their Auegan stables. So to keep him happy, we will have to get him some publicity on his fool ranch, if that's what he wants. Just to make sure, I called Lou Bentley, our beloved employer, and he said that if An-





Anticipating your usual co-operative attitude, I first ran through the usual founts of publicity. I thought of asking Anthony to undergo a slight accident; that ought to be just for a time or two, as well as being enjoyable. I also considered having a local school without too many pupils and having Anthony take them over a little free milk to go with their graham crackers. I was thought of having him marry the leading lady, Miss Sally Knight, for a week or two.

But none of these customary approaches to the problem seemed to suit the mustard. Anthony, Hollywood's reigning cowboy star, is at the moment the laughing-stock of the entire Panhandle, and he is becoming the laughing-stock of the whole cow country. So it was a case of creating something of sufficient importance to change this laughter to general cries of Anthony 'Blaine' the Governor.

I have evolved a plan. Everyone, I have found, seems interested in movies. To-day I have been rushing about the area in a motorised buckboard spreading the word that Mr. Anthony Blaine, actor and humanitarian, is about to bring unheard-of prosperity to his new neighbors. He is going to rent thousands of their unemployed cows for his future pictures. Don't get upset. I am fully aware that we hire the cows for our show operas only after all sorts of bargaining, usually paying only as little as possible per pound for whatever weight we run off them when making the picture.

But for our present purposes there is no need for me to stifle my imagination with such details. What we

want is just a little temporary action.

I have been spreading the word that Anthony is going to induce the studio to discontinue renting those rich California and Arizona cows and instead hire the cows of his beloved neighbors in the Texas Panhandle. I have told them that I am not exactly sure what the rental is, but since we are not going to pay it, anyway, I saw no reason to be penurious about it, so I said that I thought it was undoubtedly several dollars a day per cow.

Within the hour I have informed several of the closer ranchers that the only thing that might upset the deal would be if Texas cows proved to be not sufficiently photogenic; that movie cameras often played strange tricks and that we would therefore have to try out a few of these amateur Panhandle cows to see how they photographed. At several dollars a day per cow. Plus feed.

Well, the mere thought that Texas cows couldn't be movie stars naturally wounded everyone deeply, and every rancher I have talked to has gladly agreed to join in the Thursday audition. Which is, of course, the purpose of the whole scheme. With maybe a hundred healthy cows on the premises, I can then get some decent pictures of Anthony "... inspecting prize Herefords on his new Texas ranch." Which will be perfectly true. They will, indeed, be prize Herefords—every cow I have seen around here is positively beautiful—and they will certainly be on Anthony's ranch. If only for a day.

After we take the pictures I will then thank the ranchers warmly. And after a few months I will call

them, from a safe distance, and inform them that their cows are indeed photogenic, as they have no doubt seen in all the picture magazines, but that changing economic conditions have made it impossible for us to ship our actors out that far and that the cow deal is therefore unfortunately off.

But by that time Anthony's contract will be renewed, and what his loving neighbors here may do to him won't matter; they might even lynch him—wouldn't that be wonderful? Actually, by that time Anthony will have found out that he can't rent his ratty little ranch to the studio either, and he will be so disgusted himself that his neighbors will no doubt take him to their bosoms as an injured friend and compatriot.

There is no way whatever to lose on the deal. You people out there may have hired cows fairly reasonably in the past, but I doubt if you have rented ever a hundred or more fine, upstanding cows for an entire day for nothing.

So, you can wrap this one up. It's under control. I'll get the pictures of Anthony and the borrowed bovines on Thursday morning, bat out the captions and the basic story that afternoon, and send everything on to you from here on Friday before I go back north. Okay?

As ever—GEORGE.

George Seibert,  
Hotel St. Regis,  
North Fork, Tex.

George, for Heaven's sake don't start sounding confident. You know what that does to me. Are you sure these people understand that we are paying no rent whatever for these

George, in pyjamas, was desperately trying to stop the cattle, but to no avail.

cows? Also feel hundred far too many. Twenty five would be plenty. With less chance of anything going wrong—Dick.

HOTEL ST. REGIS,

North Fork, Texas.

October 29, 1951. Air Mail.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Dear Dick,—What could possibly go wrong? I have made myself and everything crystal-clear to all, even to spelling out the longer words. There is no possible chance of any misunderstanding.

Actually, these Texas cattle raisers are the nicest people to do business with I have ever seen.

This hotel seems to be a sort of centre for cattlemen, and I wish you could just sit in this lobby for an hour or two and hear the way they make a deal.

This morning, for instance, I overheard two of them talking and one was buying from the other I forget how many thousand yearlings, to be delivered at such and such a price. And all without the scratch of a pen. No contract, no money in advance, no nothing. Just each other's word. You have never seen such a strange way of doing business. Last night after dinner I was talking to one of them who had just closed a fifty-thousand-dollar deal with nothing but a handshake, and I asked him what they did when somebody went back on one of these word-of-mouth arrangements.

Well, he said, he'd better never show up again around the St. Regis Hotel.

It renews your faith in human nature.

And they're all generous to a fault. I've heard them throw in five hundred extra calves on a deal as though they were giving a man a gundrop.

And it isn't just because they know each other so well.

All day ranchers have been calling me up asking if I need any more cows for the pictures tomorrow. And when I say sure, and yes, if they prove satisfactory we intend to hire them at several dollars a day each, they have all said, well, they'll send over a few.

Did you ever hear of anything so pleasant?

As ever—GEORGE.

George Seibert,  
Hotel St. Regis,  
North Fork, Tex.

There is only one fact concerning this expedition that has the slightest to me. If you spend one nickel beyond the two dollars I kindly sent, you may pay same yourself. Is that clear?—Dick.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Yes, sir—George.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

To the lifeboat! A terrible misunderstanding has arisen and it is just raining cows. Whatever you do don't answer the door. Details on way Air Mail Special. And don't worry. I'll work it out.—George.

Please turn to page 52



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# Grandma's Doll

By B. A. KER

When two sisters both like the same young man it usually means trouble—but these sisters were different.

LYNNE STANBROOK stopped her rummaging on the top shelf of the wardrobe. Grandma's doll! She had almost forgotten it was there. With tender care she lifted the quaint little thing down.

The doll was different from modern dolls: her eyes were of blue glass, and, of course, she didn't "sleep" or say "Mamma." She was still dressed in the same clothes she had worn when grandma had first seen her, eighty-five years ago.

"Gwendoline!" Gran had named her, and Gwendoline had always been a most important figure in the lives of Lynne and her younger sister, June. Only on very special occasions had they been allowed to fondle Gwendoline—times when they needed very special comfort.

Lynne recalled the time when the pony bolted and she was flung out of the saddle, and later, as she lay trembling in bed, trying to forget the terrifying experience, Gran had come into the room with Gwendoline in her hands—and suddenly all the pain had vanished.

Lynne looked down at the faded wax face and her blue-glass eyes clouded. June had loved Gwendoline, too—yet she had bitten her! The teeth marks were still visible on the round cheek.

Gran had been terribly annoyed about that; she had smashed the doll away and declared that June would never have Gwendoline again.

For a long time Gran had refused to relent; then one day June had fallen over and split her lip, and when the doctor had gone Gran had come in with Gwendoline.

Lynne was thinking that sometimes June did things she could not understand. Biting the doll had been one, and—Lynne had at last come round to what was on her mind—the way she was treating Teddy Broughton was another. He was such a nice chap, and June must like him—she was always saying how nice he was! Yet she was so off-hand with him.

Lynne, staring at that mark on the doll's face, found a fantastic plan forming in her mind: June had loved the doll, yet she had done that to it! But how sorry she had been afterwards! June wasn't really spiteful—she was just impulsive and thoughtless.

She didn't realise how much she wanted anything until she thought she had lost it.

Lynne thought a little longer, then walked to the phone and dialled a number.

"Is that you, Ted? I've been thinking over what you were saying last night about June. . . . No, no, of course I know you were not telling tales or complaining. What you meant was you wish you knew where you stand with her."

The man's voice came over the wire; a manly voice, but a very earnest one. "Yes, that's it really. It's not exactly that she's cooled off, but . . . I can't explain it. . . ."

"I know what you mean. When you are at a dance or a party June always seems to be having such a good time that she never seems to have time to come near you?"

"Yes; yes; not that I object to her having a good time. But, well, you know yourself, anybody watching us last night would have thought you were my girl."

Lynne felt her heart jump. "I've been thinking," she said hurriedly, "that you and June should go out without me more often."

"Oh, no. June insists on your coming always. And I. . . . I," he sounded a little confused, "I like you to be there, too. I—Td have had a pretty dull time last night if you hadn't been there, wouldn't I?"

"Hm, perhaps. But if I hadn't been there June may have behaved differently."

"No, Lynne. There's something going on in June's mind—something I can't work out."

"Oh, that reminds me of what I had in

mind when I rang you. Would you do me a great favor, Ted?"

"Of course." The answer came instantly.

"What time will you be calling for June to-morrow night?"

"About eight, as usual."

"Would you have time to drive me across to Pentford and back first?"

"I'll make time. Why, what's on?"

"It's a secret. You see, June is being promoted to another department at work and the girls want to give her a send-off."

Lynne was amazed at the glibness with which she told the lie. "It's to be a surprise party, and I have to make the final arrangements."

"What time shall I pick you up?"

"Say seven. And I'll meet you at the park corner. As far as June will know I'll have gone into town. The party will fall flat if it's not a surprise."

"Rightio, then. See you to-morrow night. Good-bye, Lynne."

The girl replaced the receiver, walked back into the bedroom, and stood staring thoughtfully at the teeth marks on the doll's face.

From the corner of her eye Lynne watched Ted Broughton as he drove the little red car. The more she saw of him the less she could understand June's indifferent attitude towards him.

It was pleasant driving through the night air. Ted looked at her keenly, turned his eyes back to the road, then glanced sideways at her again.

"Gosh, you look like June to-night!" he declared.

"Yes, yes, people do say we are alike," she replied, slight confusion in her voice.

"I've always thought so," Ted went on sincerely. "But to-night you look exactly like her when she is in a serious mood."

He stared ahead again, then added a little wistfully: "She's not often like that these days."

A LITTLE after eight o'clock Lynne came hurrying out to the car. "I'm so sorry, Ted," she apologised, "but the arrangements took so much longer than I expected."

Ted drove the car as fast as safety would allow on the way home. Nearing home, Lynne requested, "Will you drop me just this side of the railway station, Ted, please? I'll go home later—in a taxi. Remember, we are not supposed to have been together to-night. Whatever you do, don't let the cat out of the bag, will you?"

"Of course not," Ted said.

"You're a good sport, Ted." There was a soft warmth in the girl's voice. About to slip out of the car, she suddenly leaned forward.

"You've got a smudge on your cheek," she lied. Her handkerchief rubbed gently. "There, that's right." Beneath her hanky a lipstick had cunningly smeared his collar and dabbed his cheek.

"You're sure you wouldn't like me to drive you a little farther, Lynne?"

"No, thanks, Ted. June might happen to see us." The girl hesitated a moment, then stepped back from the car. "Good-night, Teddy."

To Lynne's sight the vanishing tail-light seemed blurred as the little car drove off.

Lynne put down her book; she had no idea of what she had been reading. The doll Gwendoline lay on the pillow beside her; mechanically she picked it up. And at that moment she heard high-heeled shoes hurrying down the concrete path.

June fairly stormed into the bedroom.

"I'll never trust another man if I live to be ninety-nine!" she opened up vehemently, then ran on without a breath. "If there was one body I thought you could class as 'faithful as a Newfoundland dog' it was

Ted. And h—h—"

She gulped. "He rings me up with some cock-and-bull story about a car breakdown, then turns up late with lipstick on his collar and smeared over his deceitful face!"

"But there might have been some innocent explanation for that," Lynne murmured gently.

"Explanation! Do you think I'd stoop to seeking an explanation after he'd told me a deliberate lie? I just told him never to come here again—and he had the hide to stand there looking as though he didn't know what it was all about!"

"But surely you wouldn't let another girl take him away from you, June?" Lynne reproved cunningly.

"You could win him back—and, after all, it's a lot your own fault! I've often told you it wasn't the right thing to neglect him the way you have. Any man is likely to think you don't care for him and become interested in another girl. . . ."

"Interested in another girl! That's just the point! Why do you think I kept dancing with anybody but him? Why do you think I always arranged to leave him in your company? Because I wanted him to get interested in another girl—a girl who was made for him, if she would only let herself realise it!"

Lynne was staring confusedly. "Why, what. . . ." she began.

"Lynne." The tears were close. "I. . . . I thought I was being so clever. I thought I was scheming things so nicely for both of you—because you were made for each other! Really, Lynne, you're his type. He loves you, Lynne, he does really, but he hasn't shown it because he thinks he is being disloyal to me." Suddenly she burst into sobs.

"That's what I thought—until to-night. I hate him!"

"You don't really mean that, June," Lynne gasped. "Not that he. . . . he loves—likes—me a. . . . little?"

"You must have sensed it," the younger girl declared miserably; "and yet he has suddenly changed. I thought it would only be a matter of time before you would both realise how you felt. . . ."

Lynne was laughing, an almost hysterical mixture of ecstatic happiness, relief, sisterly affection—and tears.

Gradually the overflowing emotion spent itself. With her arm around her sister's shoulders Lynne confessed, finishing with, "But I was awful to think that about you; I thought that when you thought you were losing Ted you would want him back again."

June's eyes were shining.

"Then he wasn't with another girl at all? And he must have thought I was wild with him because he'd come late—but he wouldn't break his word to you. Gosh, I could love him—as a brother-in-law!" She darted towards the hall. "I'm going to ring him and tell him so!"

"June, June, you're not to; you're not to tell him!" Lynne started to follow. Suddenly she felt strangely nervous; her legs had become too shaky to hold her; weakly she sat on the bed. For several seconds she sat staring straight ahead, her face radiant, then snatching up Gwendoline impulsively she cuddled the doll tightly.

Some minutes later June came skipping back. "A very nice young man wants to talk to you on the phone," she chuckled, her eyes dancing.

(Copyright)

Lynne couldn't help thinking that June was as cruel to Ted as she had been to the doll.





# Poor Kid

A complete short story by  
DALE COLLINS

CAPTAIN PATERSON glared at her. He was married, had a daughter her age, he favored brunettes and loathed stowaways.

"All right," he said to the round-eyed third officer, dismissing him with a curt jerk of the head which seemed to blame him for the whole incident. The young man departed, aggrieved, to spread the news of his surprising find beneath the hatches of No. 3 hold. The girl swayed. "Oh, sit down then," said Captain Paterson crossly.

The girl collapsed on the settee which ran along the side of the day-room, and huddled in the corner of the bulkhead. In her soiled green frock, her big blue eyes cast down, she looked like a pathetically weary child. But pathos was out with Captain Paterson; the girl was merely a confounded nuisance.

"Well," he began, "how'd you get down there?"

"The night you sailed from Singapore," she answered in a small and frightened voice.

"Who helped you in the crew?"

"Nobody. I waited until the rain stopped the people loading the cargo, and then I slipped down the ladder and hid behind a big case. They didn't put much more cargo in, and when they closed down the lid things I was safe."

"Safe?" he scoffed. "You're lucky to be alive."

"Am I?" she wondered miserably.

"You might have starved to death down there, died of thirst, been eaten by rats—"

The girl shuddered. "Don't," she begged, covering her face with her hands. "The rats were worst of all. Worse than the darkness, worse than all the rest." She sobbed a little.

"Serves you right. Why did you do it?"

"I had to go home, back to England. I'd gone out to that awful East with a theatrical company—but we had bad seasons and then the manager couldn't pay us, so he told us to get home as best we could. I tried to get a job, but I'm not trained to do anything but act. Your ship seemed my only chance."

"How'd you keep alive?" the captain asked.

"I had some biscuits and a can of water. I had to fight the rats for the biscuits. In the dark. Oh, captain, I've been punished! Truly I have." She held out her hands.

He shook his head. "Doesn't make you less of a pest to me. You can count yourself lucky. Might have stayed there until we docked in England, and then they'd have found only your skeleton picked clean by those rats. If it hadn't been for the chance that—"

He broke off, brows creased. "The third said he smelt cigar smoke and saw it drifting from a small ventilator. That put him on the track. What were you doing smoking a cigar? Girls don't. Is there a man down there? Don't lie, now."

"I found the cigar," she said. "Someone had dropped it. When I came to the last match I lit it. It made me feel sicker than ever, but the bit of light was better than that awful darkness. I was afraid that when I had no light at all I'd go crazy."

"You might have."

"How long was I down there?"

"This is the morning of the third day."

"Third day? I thought I'd been down there weeks."

"Might have been," the captain said. "And what are we going to do now? No papers, of course. You people never have. The authorities will kick up a terrible fuss."

"I'm British, captain." She opened a worn handbag. "Here's my passport."

"Thank goodness for that!" Captain Paterson swivelled his chair about and reached for the passport. Opening it, he turned the pages. "This photograph's of a schoolgirl!"

"Naturally. It was taken four years ago."

He checked dates. "I see. But you're a pain in the neck just the same. And an expense to the company. They won't appreciate it. Still, it would have been worse if we couldn't have landed you. Since you are here, what am I to do with you?"

"Let me see now." He considered.

The *Cosmos* was a cargo-boat of eight thousand tons, with a limited passenger accommodation. On this voyage she carried ten, three of whom were women returning to England, and most unattractive women, their fellow-travellers thought, at that.

Of course, they should not have been aboard at all, for the *Cosmos* was not really suitably fitted for carrying passengers. Captain Paterson had pointed that out to the company, but the company were not inclined to turn passage-money away. The captain decided there was one thing the company could and must do. One cabin was vacant. He must be allowed to sign on a capable woman to act as stewardess.

They had agreed to that. So Captain Paterson had signed on a woman who certainly looked as if she would be capable of dealing with the most difficult of situations and who claimed a certain amount of nursing experience. Out of evil, good. The girl could share the stewardess' cabin and be in her care. That would keep her out of mischief, if he knew anything. Right out.

He rang for his steward and asked for Mrs. Woodstock. Drumming on the table, he waited. The girl sat humble and quiet, drooping with fatigue. He began to regret he had harped so about those rats. She had

been through a bad time. He glanced at the passport again. So Ellaline Fay was her name? Quite pretty. His ship had never been so alive with females as it was on this run.

A knock, and the stewardess marched in. Captain Paterson looked at her in something like awe. She was the most formidable woman he had ever seen. Broad and square, big-armed, with a face like a figure-head. He had picked her on her appearance. She was the one to cope with any nerry lady who got the jitters. And now she would also see to it that a girl stowaway caused no more trouble than was inevitable. Captain Paterson knew what passengers were in the humdrum set-







Illustrated  
by Mills

*Captain Paterson looked at the passport and then at the girl. Good thing she's British, he thought.*

The male passengers agreed that the sea made men callous. Sailors had no pity for beauty in distress. The milk of human kindness was salted in their breasts. And, anyway, who ever heard of an old tub of a freighter carrying a stewardess? Wasn't it to get away from such trimmings that they travelled this way? But even the worst of stewardesses can't be signed off in the middle of the ocean, and so Mrs. Woodstock continued to cast her black and tremendous shadow on their questioning souls. She had eyes in the back of her head, that woman. She could be in two places at once. And the poor kid submitted. The truth was, of course, that she was cowed. Completely cowed.

But even worse, from a number of points of view, was that the poor kid showed no signs of all she was suffering and seemed quite happy, even gay. She would have been the best of company.

The voyage grew duller and duller. Voyages of the kind do. The skies remained grey and the sea persisted in misbehaviour. The saloon, which had become the greater part of the world, for the weather was much too mean to make the decks attractive, seemed to close in and shut down and grow smaller, like some ingenious torture chamber sprung from the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. It cooped them up; it crushed in on them. There was nothing to do save play cards and dice, and drink.

As a result the tyranny of that stewardess, which erected such a colossal barrier between them and the only possible outlet, became almost a personal insult. A collective protest to the captain was discussed, but the difficulty was to express just what they meant, because he remained so obdurate in the face of individual suggestions. He had a way of smiling and passing along with which was quite exasperating. It almost suggested that he suspected them of some ulterior motive.

The prospect of a change for the better came from the most unlikely quarter—that stewardess, that Mrs. Woodstock. She encountered Mr. Hibley, who had the money, in the alleyway one morning, and, finding a bleak smile, thawed sufficiently to remark from her Himalayan heights, "Oh, Mr. Hibley, could I have a word with you?"

Mr. Hibley, falling instinctively into a defensive attitude, remembered from the days when he was school boxing champion, stammered, "Yes—er—yes, I think so."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Woodstock thawing even more, like a snowy mountain in the spring of the year. "It's about that unfortunate child who's in my charge. Poor kid! I know you all think I'm being a brute and a beast to her, but truly and really I'm only carrying out my orders."

"Orders?" said Mr. Hibley, and whistled knowingly.

"Orders," said Mrs. Woodstock. "The captain hates her because she's a stowaway, which means trouble for him with the company and the authorities. Now, Mr. Hibley, you'll hardly believe this, but his orders to me—and after all in a ship the captain is almost a god—his orders to me, Mr. Hibley, were to make her life a hell. I haven't, because although I may look rather fierce I've a heart of gold really and truly, but I've had to keep up an appearance of doing so."

*Please turn to page 40.*

can count me out. I quit. The bet's right off." He sliced the dishonorable bargain with a sideways gesture of the hand.

"Bet's off, my foot!" said Briggs hotly, and made several comments. They were forcible but ungentelemanly. Exactly what might have been expected from a fellow who'd gamble for a young and innocent girl. They looked at him in loathing, and were ashamed to think of the way they'd been laughing at his stories. With the aid of a few rounds of drinks, by lunch all save the black sheep felt righteously proud of the decency inherent in human nature.

The rewards of their virtue were not all that might have been hoped. The Cosmos plugged on, plunging a blunt bow into a considerable sea, the lady passengers groaned in their cabins, and the stewardess and her charge were kept busy.

Not so busy, however, but that now and then it was possible to snatch a few words with the romantic little stowaway, who, recovering from her experience, looked more romantic than ever. But after only a few words the battleship contrived to sweep down, with all guns trained, and carry off the prize.

"It's so darned difficult," grumbled Potter. "Just when a man gets started, the skirted avalanche thunders along. What about throwing the dice to decide which one of us shall act as a kind of decoy and do a bit of flirting with the giant gorgon to distract her attention?"

"Not on your life," said Briggs. "I might win, and this time you gang of chisellers wouldn't feel so honorable about things."

There were others who feared the same, and thus the scheme came to nothing. But it was very tantalising, for the orphan of the seas had those very blue eyes and that very golden hair and the trimmest of trim figures.

Indignation grew about the stewardess. She had the poor kid crushed and terrorised. Hibley took it up with the captain, informally, of course.

"I know she's only a stowaway," he said, "but hang it all, sir, she's still a human being. I'll bet the kid cries her eyes out when nobody's looking. We're quite upset about her, captain."

"I don't think you need worry too much, Mr. Hibley," said Captain Paterson. "I've had several talks with her. She assures me they're getting on very well together. Your concern—ah—does you credit, but I can tell you you've no real cause to distress yourself. Good morning." He strolled away, thumbs aimed from jacket pockets. He smiled a little. He was master of the Cosmos. Very well he knew what went on aboard—almost. Perhaps ships are wired for sound. Or should be.

"Youth will be served," warned the fair young bank clerk.

"And it's the old dog that's the early worm," said Hibley, who had the money.

The other three also had their opinions on the matter.

"Tell you what," Briggs said. "We're all pretty sort of cooped up aboard here. We don't want squabbling and competition. Let's shake the dice to see who's to have first chance to be Little Sunshine's affinity. That's going to save lots of argument and waste of time."

So they rolled the bones for a chance to flirt with Ellaline. Briggs won. He would. Too late the others realised that. But his triumph was short-lived.

"Hold on a minute now," said Oakenshaw, whose home town was New York. "I don't feel so good about this. I always figured you Britishers played the game. Say, look at it this way: what we're doing is gambling over that young lady, and that's a mighty low trick I'd say. A joke's a joke, and that's what I took this to be. But now I get it that it's serious, well, you

Ellaline stumbled to her feet and followed meekly in the wake of her intimidating guardian. She looked a forlorn little figure. Captain Paterson admitted to himself that it was a pity, but still one had to be firm with these nuisances.

Ellaline, like a dinghy in tow of a battleship, passed through the saloon, which was also the social hall, cocktail bar, smoke-room, palm court, and writing-room of the Cosmos. The group of men playing dice in a bored way about the table regarded her with interest. They had decided that the trip was going to be deadly dull. News of the stowaway had made them prick up their ears. Seeing her they brightened considerably. As Captain Paterson had foreseen, they had no prejudice against blondes; on the contrary, if anything. But the awe-inspiring stewardess swept straight through and into the other alleyway, taking her charge with her.

"I saw it first," said Briggs, the commercial traveller.

"Think again," said Potter, who was going home on leave. "Think again."

ing of a cargo-boat, and he knew, too, that some of the men aboard would not share his preference for brunettes.

"Oh, Mrs. Woodstock," he said, "this is a stowaway. We've just found her. I want you to take charge of her—and I mean take charge of her."

"I understand," said Mrs. Woodstock grimly. The girl shivered.

"No hanky-panky with the passengers, officers or crew. She will share your cabin and help with your work. You'll have more to do in the near future. Weather reports ahead are not encouraging, and I gather most of your ladies are poor sailors. See she keeps her keel, and at Tilbury I'll turn her over to the police."

"The police?" gasped Ellaline.

"I've my duty to do by the company," said Captain Paterson. "If stowaways weren't punished every ship'd sail full of them. All right, Mrs. Woodstock, take her away."

"Very good, sir," said the stewardess. "Come on, you."



# The Far Country

Long, final instalment  
of our engrossing serial  
By NEVIL SHUTE



JENNIFER and Carl sat together in silence for a time; she had told him everything now, and he had to have time to digest what he had heard. Presently he asked her, "Do you think you will ever come back to Australia?"

"I shall try," she said thoughtfully. "That's all I can say, Carl—I shall try. If the Health Service keeps on getting worse for doctors it might be possible to get Daddy to think about trying it out here, but he's nearly sixty, and that's awfully old to uproot and leave everything and everyone you know. I don't believe I'll ever be satisfied again with England after seeing this. I shall keep trying to get back here, Carl. I can't say if I'll ever manage it."

His hand caressed her shoulder. "Do you know what would have happened if you had stayed here for another year?"

She looked up at him. "What?"

He said, "I should have got a job as soon as I was free from the camp, and then I should have asked if you would marry me."

She sat motionless in his arms, not looking at him, staring down towards the river. "What sort of job, Carl?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. In a business office, perhaps. Any sort of job that would give enough money to be married on." He paused, and then asked gently, "What would you have said?"

"I don't know, Carl." She looked up at him, unsmiling. "One doesn't always do the right thing. I suppose I'd have said yes. I'd like to think that I'd have had the courage to say no."

"Why do you say that, Jenny?"

She saw pain in his eyes. "Maybe it's a good thing that I'm going back to England, after all," she said

wearily. "I'd hate to think of you taking any sort of job just so that you could get married. I'd hate to do that to you."

She freed herself a little from his arm and turned to face him. "You ought to be a doctor again, Carl. I know it means another three years in a medical school, and I know you haven't got the money. Maybe you haven't tried very hard yet. But if you gave up medicine and just took any sort of job to marry me—well, I wouldn't like myself very much. With your ability, you ought to be a doctor or a surgeon."

"It is not possible," he said quietly. "I have thought of this many times. For me to be a doctor means three years' training in a medical school again. It would cost at least fifteen hundred pounds, and I have not got one-tenth part of that money. It would mean that I would be nearly forty years old before I could work in Australia as a doctor. I know it is a waste of my experience, but wars bring much waste in the world, and this is part of it. I shall never be a doctor again."

"I think you will," she said. "I don't believe you'd be happy in any other sort of job, starting at your age."

They sat in silence for a time. At last he asked quietly, "Shall I ever see you again, Jenny?"

She did not answer, but sat looking at the ground, and, watching her, he saw another tear escape and trickle down her cheek. He put his arm around her shoulders again and drew her close to him. "I am sorry," he said. "I should not have asked that question."

She raised her face. "That's all right," she said. "It was right to ask it, Carl—one's got to face up to things. I'm going back where I belong, twelve thousand miles away

on the other side of the world, and it may be years before I manage to get back to Australia again. You've got another nine months to do in the camp, and after that you'll have no money and nothing to bring you to England."

"I would come to England, somehow, if I thought that you would want to see me there," he said.

"I'd always want to see you," she said simply. "We've not known each other very long, Carl. We don't know each other very well. If everything had gone right for us and you had wanted to marry me in a year's time, I'd probably have been a very happy person. But things haven't gone right for us, and maybe it's just as well."

ZLINTER was silent. After a moment, Jennifer went on, "While you're on your own you'll have a chance, somehow, to get to be a doctor again. With a wife on your hands, you wouldn't have a hope. You'd have to take just any sort of job that offered. I don't believe that you'd be happy."

She added, with a little smile, "I don't believe that I'd be happy if I married you upon those terms."

He sat staring down at the river rippling in the sun over the white stones, holding her in his arms.

"I would like to think that we shall meet again before we are too old," he said. "I know that what you have said is true, and that you are now to go twelve thousand miles away to the other side of the world. Perhaps it is not very likely that we shall see each other again. But I am older than you, Jenny, and I have learned this: that if you want something very badly you can sometimes make it happen."

He drew a breath. "I want very badly to find you again before we

He was peering up, trying to read the house numbers. "Carl!" she cried joyously, running towards him.

have both forgotten the Howqua valley and each other. May I write to you sometimes?"

She said, "If you do, Carl, I shall be nagging at you all the time about becoming a doctor again."

"You may do that," he said quietly. "A doctor in this country could save enough money to get to England."

They sat almost motionless after that for a time, perhaps a quarter of an hour; they had said all that there was to say. At last she stirred in his arms and sat up.

"You'll go on building your cabin here just the same, Carl, won't you?" she asked.

He was doubtful. "I am not now sure. It will cost some money, even if I get the timber very cheap from Mr. Forrest, and I may need all the money I can save."

She said, "I think you ought to go on with it, Carl. You've got another nine months in the camp, and after that it will be somewhere cheap for you to come to for a holiday. Write and tell me how you're getting on with it and what it's like."

"If I go on with it," he said, "I shall always hold the memory of you, and of this day when first we found this place of Charlie Zlinter's."

She smiled faintly. "Go on with it, then. I wouldn't like you to forget about me too quickly."

Presently he asked her, "Before I take you back to Leonora, will you tell me some things about your home, Jenny? So that I can imagine where you are when I shall write to you."

"Of course, Carl," she said. "What sort of things?"

"This Leicester," he said. "You told me once that it was rather ugly. Is it damaged by the war?"

"It didn't get bombed very much," she said. "Not like some places. Nobody could call it beautiful, though. It's an industrial one, mostly boots and shoes. It's rather ugly, I suppose. I don't think anyone would choose to live there if they hadn't got associations, or a job."

"Do you live in the city or outside it?"

"We live in a house about a mile and a half from the centre of the city, in a fairly good part, near the university. It's a suburban street of houses in a row, all rather like the one next door. It's not far from the shops. I shall have nothing very interesting to tell you in my letters, Carl, because very interesting things don't happen to women who keep house in Leicester. But I'll do my best."

"One other thing," he said. "There is so much I ought to know about you that I do not know. When is your birthday?"

She said, laughing, "Oh, Carl! It's in August, the twenty-fifth. And I'm twenty-four years old, in case you want to know. When is yours?"

"On June the seventeenth," he said, "and I am thirty-six years old. I am too old for you, Jenny."

"That's nonsense," she said quietly. "We've got enough difficulties without that one." She paused. "There's so much we ought to know about each other, and so little time to find it out. I can't even think of all the things that I shall want to know."

"It will be something to put into the letters from Leicester," he said. "All the things you want to know about me."

Please turn to page 33



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## Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 16. September 17, 1952.

### FRIDAY NIGHT SHOPPING

THE N.S.W. branch of the Shop Assistants' Union is conducting a poll among its members on whether Friday night shopping should be restored.

Some Tasmanian shops have re-introduced late shopping.

Night shopping was abolished during the war by National Security regulations. After the war most States passed legislation to continue early closing.

No one wants a return to the poor conditions which were suffered by sales assistants in a previous generation.

But shopping hours should not be dictated by any pressure group.

They should not be decided by employers when labor is scarce nor by employers when jobs are hard to get.

The rights of both sections should be safeguarded, but the first consideration should remain the needs of the consumer.

It is evident that some women want Friday night shopping restored only because they miss the carnival atmosphere.

But there are thousands of workers who can shop during the week only during a rushed lunch-hour and must devote Saturday morning to household rather than personal shopping.

Many mothers say it would be nice to be able to leave the children in father's care and shop in comfort sometimes.

And there is a new factor important to the discussion.

Retail trade is slack now for the first time since the war. If it received the fillip of Friday night shopping would many jobs now endangered be safe?

## Romance and adventure in Queen Anne's day

Book reviews by  
BETTY BEST

NOEL B. GERSON'S latest novel, "Mohawk Ladder," is not for the squeamish reader unable to delight in three gory battles and numerous duels.

But for those who like hot-blooded romance punctuated with the rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon, this story of the war of the Spanish succession in 18th-century Europe will come as a welcome change from tales of these horseless carriage days.

Mr. Gerson's hero is an American colonial volunteer who has come to England with his company to fight in the service of Queen Anne.

A robust soldier much given to the uttering of war cries, Captain Peattie is no match for the beautiful French spy Diane d'Ancoeur, with whom he calls madly in love at first sight.

From the moment he saves her from a firing squad in the midst of a mob on Tower Hill, the captain is involved in a series of Mandrake-like hairbreadth escapes from one side of the Channel to the other.

Regarded as a deserter by his own company, a traitor by the English, and a spy by the French, he lives in a perpetual no-man's-land of war and violence until he is at last able to prove his loyalty to England by his daring espionage work inside enemy territory.

The climax of his success is the taking of the city of Lille by means of a human ladder—a trick the colonials had learnt from the Mohawk tribe.

The author's detailed research into all phases of army life

## OUR COVER

Our brown-eyed cover girl has the right slant on summer fashion. She wears a black-and-white hat and tips it forward on her head. On page 23 are nine other versions of this hat, and on page 26 are instructions for securing a pattern for the ten-in-one hat and the many others illustrated in this issue.

## This week:

● Our regular pattern service is devoted this week (on page 47) to children's fashions, covering ages from six months to 14 years. Boys have been catered for as well as girls, with a sunsuit, a ranger-suit, and a baby's romper-suit. Girls' fashions include beach and party clothes.

## Next week:

● In our next issue we start a new serial with the first instalment of popular mystery story writer Agatha Christie's latest book "They Do It With Mirrors." This is Miss Christie's 53rd novel, and it marks the reappearance of a famous character, Miss Marple, who has helped to push her creator's total book sales to more than 50,000,000. Agatha Christie, who is now a grey-haired grandmother, is at present in the Middle East with her husband, archaeologist Max Mallown. She writes even when living in a tent in the desert, tapping out her stories with three fingers on a portable typewriter.

● Two of the liveliest and most interesting visitors Australia has had for a long time are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kleberg, of Texas, U.S.A. With them arrived a whole herd of other "Americans," who are now settling down to becoming naturalised Australians. The Klebergs are owners of the fabulous "King Ranch," in Texas, and it was there that they raised their New Australians, which comprise a herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle, a strain which should thrive out here. Mr. and Mrs. Kleberg have installed their cattle at "Risdon," a Queensland property in which they now have an interest and which they will be coming out to visit from time to time. Next week we present some color pictures of the Klebergs, the cattle, and "Risdon," and you will find them and the accompanying story of absorbing interest.

in the days of Louis XIV, the Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugen of Savoy is evident to the student of history.

His lively imagination, which can travel from a tavern brawl to a royal banquet, keeps the story moving briskly.

"Mohawk Ladder" is published by Shakespeare Head. Our copy from the publishers.

THE first set of reading primers to be written for aboriginal children should prove equally interesting and instructive to their paleoskin brothers and sisters.

Geraldine Mackenzie, wife of a missionary who has worked in Cape York since 1925, was trained as a teacher before her marriage.

She studied the children of the native village of Aurukun and evolved a method of teaching them which she found particularly effective.

In a series of six primers, the contents range from simple identification phrases with illustrations of familiar animals and birds to fairly long sentences in short stories.

Any of the books would give other young Australians some knowledge about aboriginal life and customs—a subject seldom covered in the school curriculum.

The illustrations in black and white line drawings by Roma Thompson and Douglas L. Belcher are full of action.

"The First Australians" series is published under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Our copy from the Victorian Aboriginal Group.

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# Young tycoons tell secret of success

## Here for world congress, they say "boss must set pace"

By JUDITH EDDIE, staff reporter

Young men between the ages of 20 and 40—mostly nearer the riper age—have converged on Melbourne from all corners of the globe to exchange viewpoints and to "get to know each other."

Members of the Junior Chamber International — the world organisation of the Junior Chambers of Commerce — they are spending a week discussing high-pressure business tactics, sight-seeing, and meeting socially. Their congress opened on September 6.

ENTHUSIASTIC to a degree about the contribution they could make in shaping future world peace and mutual prosperity, they contend that success in business could lead to success in world affairs.

Typical of many U.S. delegates were three young captains of industry, Messrs. W. Hughes Brockbank, who, being leading the Magic Chemical Company, has oil interests in Utah; Mark V. Marlowe, executive vice-president of the Marlowe Coal and Lumber Companies in Kentucky; and Myron "Mike" Milder, vice-president of the Milder Oil Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

They were unanimous that the key word to success in today's large-scale concerns was "ODDS."

"Odds stands for organisation, D for determination, S for superior," said Mr. Brockbank.

"In effect, this means plan your work, then work your plan."

Mr. Brockbank said he and his colleagues attributed their success as businessmen to being kids who were self-reliant.

"All the boys on the way up are based on their fathers," he added. "From our dads we learned the speed of the game and the speed of the gang."

"Fast clothes and vacationing are for the playboy class of men who made the game."

"We start the day at our place at 7.30 a.m. and work through till 6.30 p.m. Most business men, considering big interests follow the same line."

Mr. Brockbank and his colleagues built up their chemicals business devising methods for cleaning problems.

Mr. Marlowe, a former flour mill grain merchant, was successful in the late 1920's. "Instead of giving up, Dad and I went on business with me," Mr. Brockbank said.

At the Melbourne meeting they were on world peace and understanding.

On the normal course of the majority of members of Junior Chambers of Commerce will eventually become the leaders of their countries as industrial magnates and businessmen," declared Mr. Brockbank.

It is important for us all to get together as young men when the time comes to take over we will

### Junior Chamber wives

WHILE overseas and Australian delegates to the Junior Chamber International Congress were conferring, their wives were entertained by Melbourne "Jaycee Widows."

Wives of Junior Chambers of Commerce members are called "Jaycee Widows," "Jayceettes," or "Chamber-maids."

Since then he has spent more than half his time travelling to the six areas of J.C.I. penetration — Asia, Europe, South, Central, and North America, and Oceania, which includes Australia and New Zealand.

A 40-year-old chartered accountant, Mr. Pugsley is lucky to have two partners to look after the firm while he is circling the world.

"J.C.I. exists primarily to provide a training ground for young men to become better citizens, leaders, and more effective persons in their work and in service activities for their communities," he drawled.

"Members are workers who plan how to benefit the world. A president merely visits the regions to consult members and get instructions," he added modestly.

"This is my first visit to Australia, and I'm delighted to see the rapidity with which J.C.I. has been established here."

"It is the fastest growing youth organisation in the world to-day."

"For example, six years ago there was no chapter in Asia until one young Filipino read some literature about the movement and started it there. Now there are 65 chapters in Asia, including brand-new ones in Formosa and Vietnam, with a total membership of 25,000."

When I asked him his recipe for success, he had no hesitation in replying: "Work hard



AMERICAN DELEGATES to the Junior Chamber International Conference in Melbourne, Mark V. Marlowe (left), Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Brockbank, and Myron Milder, admire a flower arrangement at their hotel. "I am taking my Mom home a collection of Australian flower seeds," said Mr. Milder.

and intelligently. It's wise for young people to take full advantage of all opportunities, keeping in mind responsibility to their country as well as to themselves."

Mr. Pugsley never has time for his favorite game—golf.

Fast-talking, 35-year-old American Horace E. ("Hunk") Henderson maintained that to sell business a man must have a certain sense of responsibility to the community.

"By participating in organised community benefit projects, most Jaycees are successful in business, and they get a great personal benefit out of it," he said.

Mr. Henderson is president of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce.

His association with J.C.I. dates from his return to America from two years Army service in Europe.

"They didn't have a J.C.C. in my little home town of Williamsburg, Virginia, so I organised one in 1947 and was elected local president," he said proudly.

From there Mr. Henderson

stepped up the ladder from State vice-president to his present position.

Campaigning for the presidency is high-pressure stuff, much the same as a political campaign in America.

"Your own State runs the campaign and passes out publicity," said Hunk. "My followers found it hard to settle on a slogan for me such as 'I Like Ike' for Eisenhower, but they finally produced 'Everything's Hunkydory.'"

"More than 1000 posters were circulated, 600 cases of soft drink distributed, and a fleet of cars organised into a parade which lasted two hours."

"Once during the campaign I spoke in three States in 24 hours."

"Back home" Mr. Henderson is a real estate agent.

He thinks that the most important aspect of J.C.I. is the leadership training it offers.

Mr. Henderson's trip will not finish when he leaves Australia. He is on a Jaycee world goodwill tour and will visit Asia and Europe.

Sandy-haired Ray Lawson led the Australian delegates when they made a successful bid at the last congress to get the next World Congress in Australia for the first time.

He is the vice-president of the Oceania Region of the J.C.I.

Any spare time or energy Mr. Lawson has is devoted to activities as a lieutenant-colonel in the Citizen Military Forces. He enlisted as a private during World War II and finished as a major.

He explained the difference between the Senior Chamber of Commerce and the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

"Senior comprises firms and companies. Its main purpose is to safeguard and further the interests of commerce generally," he said.

"Junior members are individuals. Its objective is to train young men to take a leading part in commerce and community activities."

"One protects business, the other develops men."

"There is the fullest co-operation between the two—and in many places in Australia the Junior is sponsored by the Senior," he added.

Breezy Don Aylett is president of the National Council of British Junior Chambers of Commerce, as well as holding several other local positions in J.C.C.

"I've been everything except a secretary—that's too easy," he laughed.

Director of a family firm of textile manufacturers, Mr. Aylett believes that success is due to an early realisation in business life that only hard work will get you there.

"I often work 16 to 20 hours a day in my textile business," Mr. Aylett said.

"I do my own buying, designing, and distributing."

"Ability to draw is a minor consideration in textile design. People who can draw well are more nuisance than anything else, because they draw something unsuitable for cloth design."



PHILIPPINES DELEGATE Bert Villanueva with a piece of rock from Corregidor inscribed "Symbol of resistance and the gallant stand of the Philippines to preserve democracy in the Far East." He presented it to the Australian J.C.C.



WORLD PRESIDENT of the Junior Chamber International, Philip Pugsley, who is a chartered accountant from Montreal, spends more than half of his time travelling about the world.



HANDSOME HORACE E. ("Hunk") Henderson, from Virginia, U.S.A., president of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, relaxed with an accustomed cup of tea during the congress. He drinks iced tea at home.



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**YOUNGER SET CONFERENCE.** Mrs. J. M. Gordon (left), C.W.A. State president, Winifred Southwell, retiring State leader, and guest speaker Mrs. J. Mason, of Oklahoma, U.S.A., at the fifth annual conference of the C.W.A. Younger Set.



**BIRTHDAY PARTY.** Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Coppleson pictured with their daughter Fay at the party they gave to celebrate Fay's 21st birthday at their home at Rose Bay. Eighty guests were entertained.



**CADET DANCE.** Senior Cadet Lieut. Bill McNally (right), Lt. Kevin Burges, and Corporal Douglas Baird greet Pat Burges (foreground), Vicki Holmes, and Kim Dunnell at St. Aloysius' College Military Cadet Union dance at White City Ballroom.

## Social Gittings

**AFTER** a wonderful five months abroad as a member of a travelling "finishing school" for Australian girls, Barbara Beveridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Beveridge, of "Billabong North," Gundagai, arrives home this Saturday in the Italian liner *Neptunia*.

Two other N.S.W. girls who went to the party of 18 were Jane Gordon, of "The Glib," Bungendore, and Wendy Fenton, of Lindfield. The girls sailed in the *Neptunia* in April, chaperoned by Mrs. Hedy Moffat, of Melbourne. Other passengers included Nardine Ross, of "Rosedale Downs," Salter's Springs, South Australia; Jill Henderson, of "Yarra Downs," Isisford, Queensland; and Patricia Jewson, of "Townview," Frankston, Victoria.

Highlights of the girls' trip included a visit to Capri, the opera in Rome, and mannequin parades at famous Roman fashion houses; trips to Monte Carlo and the Riviera, and eight days in Paris. After a month in London, they toured the north of England and Scotland by car.

**A BABY-SITTER** will mind the Quads while their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, attend the wedding of Rita Connell, who was nurse to the children for 14 months, and Keith Campbell, of Coffs Harbor, at St. Margaret's Church, Bellingen, on September 20. Keith is an officer of Bellingen Ambulance Brigade. Rita has a busy time helping her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Connell, on their property just out of Bellingen, but she still finds time to see a lot of the Quads.

**KEEN** first-nighters at the gala opening of the fabulous musical "South Pacific" this Saturday at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, will be Mrs. George Schnabel and Mrs. Roy Youlden, who are sisters of the wife of the composer, Oscar Hammerstein. They will be with Mr. Youlden and Mrs. Schnabel's son-in-law and daughter, Ron and Margaret Uren, from Sydney. Ron will have just returned from piloting the aircraft on the Qantas inaugural flight to South Africa. Mrs. Youlden went to London last November, where she met the Hammersteins for the first night of "South Pacific" there.



**LOVELY FROCK** of lilac brocade embroidered in crystals and pearls was worn by Mrs. Lawrence Byrne, of Boral, pictured with her husband when they dined and danced in town.



**SCOTTISH WEDDING.** Dr. A. R. G. Gordon, of Nairn, Scotland, and his bride, formerly Audrey Hardy, daughter of Mrs. E. A. Hardy, of "Berragoon," Burren Junction, at Perth, Scotland.

**AT** the Hotel Australia this week are Mrs. Frederick Roe, formerly of Melbourne, and her English husband, who are spending a week of a flying fortnight's visit to Australia looking up Sydney friends. Mrs. Roe is the daughter of former lawn tennis champion Sir Norman Brookes and Lady Brookes, with whom they stayed in Melbourne.

**GRANDMOTHERS** came to the fore when Mrs. Clem Hornibrook paid a brief visit to Sydney with her youngest daughter, Julie Ann. They stayed with Mrs. Hornibrook's grandmother, Mrs. David Hill, and the other two Hornibrook daughters stayed with their grandmother, Mrs. M. R. Hornibrook, in Brisbane. Mrs. Hornibrook's sister, Prue Moses, and her fiancé, Jim Robson-Scott, are making wedding plans for next year.

**THERE** were congratulations all round when two engagements were announced in Wagga district. Jan Vickery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. M. Vickery, of "Talofa," Harefield, is engaged to Hugh McKay, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. McKay, of "Deepwater," Matong. Jan's ring was the centre of attraction at the party given at Hugh's home to celebrate. She and Hugh paid a flying visit to Melbourne to choose the stone. Mirrie Sheahan, secretary of the Wagga School of Arts, is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Ron Hall, who is stationed at the Forest Hill R.A.A.F. Technical College.



**HAPPY GROUP.** Bruce Stobo, only son of Mrs. T. Stobo, of Rose Bay, and of the late Mr. Stobo, his bride, formerly Inez Lyle, younger daughter of Mrs. M. A. Lyle, of Rose Bay, and their attendants, Bryan Baker and Mrs. Anthony Noonan, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point.



**ENGAGED.** Pat Glass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Glass, of Bellevue Hill, and David Whitford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Whitford, of Bellevue Hill, celebrated their engagement at a party at Princes.



**GRADUATION.** Holt Binnie (left), Robin MacPhillamy, of "Nerremann," Forbes, Ian Carlisle, and Rosemary Hurley at the girls' graduation in occupational therapy arranged by the Australian Association of Occupational Therapists at the Union Hall of Sydney University.

**CAUGHT** sight of attractive Jocelyn Drysdale shopping in town on an icy winter's day for a tropical trousseau. Jocelyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Drysdale, of Wahroonga, will marry Captain R. D. M. (Bobbie) Duff, of The Gordon Highlanders, in Singapore on October 18.

Bobbie is the son of Mr. D. G. Duff, of Achintore, Fort William, Inverness-shire, Scotland. His battalion is stationed in Singapore. Matron-of-honor at the wedding at St. Andrew's, Singapore, will be Mrs. Charles Napier, wife of Major Napier, and bridesmaid will be Merriell Cosens, from London.

**PERFECT** conditions prevailed for the Ladies' Golf Union four-day tournament at Royal Canberra links. Country champions Nancy Broadbent, of Muswellbrook, and Judy Street, of Wollongong, were among the 90 players. Winner of the Open Championship was Mrs. Le Mestre Walker, of Killara. Local associates arranged a round of entertainments, and parties after the first day's play were hosted by Mesdames K. Grainger, M. Nicholson, V. Parberry, K. Schapel, B. Drew, and Joan Welch. A cocktail party at the club rounded off the second day's play.

Anne





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## YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



*Some girls discuss ways and means of getting a boy-friend*

**W**HAT girl will confess readily that she hasn't got or can't get a boy-friend?

Such an admission is tantamount to acknowledging that she's a failure.

This week two girls told me about the problem of being manless. They both confessed that a few years ago they "couldn't get a man."

One of them, Jenny, aged 19, is neither beautiful nor pretty, but she is so attractive that you wonder that she could ever have been overlooked. The explanation turned out to be obvious enough. She is an only child. Her parents moved and she changed schools towards the end of her school-days. Before she had time to make friends her mother's illness necessitated her staying home instead of getting a job or going to university or tech., where she might have met more young people.

Jenny said: "It's absolutely terrible not having any boy-friends at all. You start thinking your life is draining away with nothing happening and nothing to show for it."

"You look at yourself in the mirror and think you're not too bad-looking. And you believe there must be some boy on earth who'd admire you, because everywhere you see girls who are quite ordinary-looking out with quite nice-looking men."

"Then, on your bad days, you think you're such a mess no one could possibly be interested in you. You go to the movies by yourself and pretend you're doing it from choice."

"I used to read the advice in magazines. You know how they tell you to forget about the impression you're making and think about the other person?"

"Well, I just couldn't forget about myself because I always seemed to be around my own neck, if you can understand me."

"Actually, everything I did at that stage seemed to be wrong. Some of the girls I knew would include me in a date or a party, but I either got tongue-tied or I'd gush over the boys. And was I eager!"

"I used to envy the most awful dills of girls. Yet at the same time, in a weird sort of way, I despised the boys."

"There was one funny boy—he wasn't a boy, actually; he was about 28, and he looked one of these betting types. He used to sit near me in church."

"He didn't exactly make a pass, but every Sunday I was conscious that he sat near me on purpose. Nothing happened, though."

"I didn't like the idea of picking up boys."

"It was just as well, I guess, because once when I went to a dance place one Saturday afternoon with two other girls I could have been another chair for all the notice anyone took of me."

"This being manless went on for months, but at the time it seemed like centuries."

"When Mummy got better she pushed me off to business college. There were two very nice girls there, especially one who was a good bit older than me."

"She sort of—well, she wasn't put off by my awkwardness when she started to make friends."

"Her family really liked me. She was awfully popular with both boys and girls and she was light-hearted, and some of it sort of stuck to me."

"At her place her boy-friends started noticing me and I got confidence, then one thing just led to another."

"I know it sounds corny, but really I owe it all to that girl."

When I asked Jenny why she spoke of the good friend always in the past tense, she looked puzzled.

"Oh, you mean as though she was dead?" she said. "Oh, no, she's not dead, but she's married."

The second girl I interviewed, Diane, aged 20, is gay and vivacious, with hazel eyes bright enough to enliven a stone image.

She said: "About four years ago I was without a boy-friend for quite a while. I hate even to think of it now, but after that I made sure I never was manless again, even though some of the boys were absolutely horrible looking."

"My methods were pretty obvious. Now when I see the little girls standing about outside the movies I always smile to myself, because I know what they're up to."

"It's like this: Four or five girls go to the movies together and sit in a row. When the first half of the programme is finishing you whip out your mirror and make sure your lipstick is on right and then you go out side and parade up and down."

"I don't smoke, so I never want to go out at interval now. But in those days I always missed half the second part of the programme. We girls used to sit over our milk-shakes eyeing the boys who were jostling each other across the way."

"If, at the time, my girl-friends started going out with someone, I'd go to the pictures with my mother on Saturday night."

"You'd be surprised at the whole row of boys who go to the pictures by themselves, while you have to go with your mother or a girl-friend. It seems such a waste of one-man power."

"Down where we lived then there was a sort of amusement park. A bunch of us girls would go down and try out the various sideshows, and pretty soon we'd start talking to some boys. And then, of course, we were much too scared to walk home along the waterfront alone. So that was the start of some friendships."

"Or sometimes we'd go to a creepy film and clutch the youths sitting next to us and scream madly."

When I objected to Diane that this conduct was risky, she said, "Well, no. I always brought home any of the boys who asked me out and Mother took it all calmly."

"By comparison with my elder sister I was a model of propriety. You see," she explained earnestly, "you never had any notion of being serious with any of these boys, or marrying them, or even going steady with them."

"All you wanted was to have a night out, to be able to say, 'I'm going out with so-and-so.' If your mind you usually thought of the boy scornfully and 'Oh, that chap.'"

"Amongst us, we girls used to have hysterics about them. We'd think they were silly and we'd compare notes and talk derogatorily about them in front of them in sign language we'd madly invented."

"We didn't even like boys much, really. But after you've been without a boy-friend for a while you get the attitude that it doesn't matter whom you go out with so long as it's someone."

"You don't like other girls to think, 'Oh, she can't get another boy-friend.'"

"It's really just trying to see how many scalps you can collect."





# FLOWERS IN THE HOME

● Attractive floral decorations do not depend on masses of expensive blooms. Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, who did the arrangements on this page, believes that simple bowls, deftly arranged, can save time and flowers.

CHARMING floral decorations on this page were arranged by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland (above).

SMALL, scattered bouquets (right) make a change in floral decoration for a dinner-party.



PAPERWEIGHTS suggested this close-packed bouquet-type decoration. Carnations were used in this arrangement, but smaller flowers such as Sweet William and daisies could be used effectively. Pictures by staff photographer Bob Cleland.



ARRANGEMENT FOR SPRING. A small crystal bowl placed on a marble stand to give it height enables this simple arrangement to fill the place of a more elaborate one. The flowers are aquilegias, bilbergias, marguerites, jonquils, carnations, saxifraga, and azaleas.



CORNUCOPIA of spring flowers, including prunus, roses, hyacinths, carnations, camellias, and fuchsias. Mrs. Blaxland is one of the organisers of the Rose Show, at David Jones' Art Gallery, Sydney, opening on October 20, at 7.30 p.m., and continuing for two days.



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NAPS**



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# He likes to dig up history Archaeology is a magic box full of surprises

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Excavating relics of ancient civilisations is as thrilling to an archaeologist as a Christmas stocking is to a child, says 27-year-old Sydney archaeologist Basil Hennessy.

He has just returned to Australia after two years' studentship from Sydney University to the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, Turkey.

"DIGGING in ruins is like rummaging through a magic box which might contain anything," he said.

In the Middle East Mr. Hennessy dug on Neolithic, Bronze Age, Iron Age, and Roman sites.

He brought back a great quantity of pottery, which is now being catalogued at Sydney University's Department of Archaeology research centre at Bathurst, N.S.W.

Mr. Hennessy said archaeology was the handmaiden of history.

It enabled the history of a period before written records were kept to be reconstructed. It also served as a check upon the records of later history.

"Besides being able to reconstruct the kind of lives led by peoples of distant ages by studying the tools and domestic utensils they used, it is almost possible to get a glimmer of their actual processes of thought," he said.

Mr. Hennessy spent some time in Cyprus under the auspices of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and of Sydney University.

There he dug with a party under the leadership of British archaeologist Miss Joan du Plat Taylor and a former Melbourne woman, Miss Veronica Seton Williams.

Although enthusiastic about the important work which women archaeologists have done, Mr. Hennessy said, with a grin, that feminine intuition had nothing to do with their success.

"Women work with picks, shovels, and penknives as hard as their men colleagues," he added.

"Delicate excavations are done with small knives and

brushes to guard against damage to fragile articles which may provide important clues to the domestic habits of people who lived thousands of years B.C.

"I found Cyprus particularly interesting," Mr. Hennessy said.

"In ancient times the island's rich copper mines had attracted traders from the neighboring countries of Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria and made it a melting pot of many cultures.

"Because a man's possessions were buried with him in early



JUG from a Late Bronze Age tomb in Cyprus is dated early 16th century B.C., and was reconstructed from fragments.

societies, tombs cut in rock surfaces are happy hunting grounds for archaeologists.

"The tombs are usually found a few feet below the surface of the soil.

"Though it is like searching for a needle in a hay-



BEARDED AND BOOTLESS Sydney University archaeologist Basil Hennessy working in bare feet at Jericho. Boots might have damaged the ancient pottery and tools for which he was searching.

stack, the task of discovering towns and cities long buried by floods, earthquakes, landslides, and erosion follows a carefully worked out pattern.

"As the trenches deepen, soil changes are carefully noted and every section of the work is painstakingly mapped and photographed."

Mr. Hennessy ridiculed the idea of curses descending upon the curious who disturbed ancient burial places.

"The only real danger was that the roof might cave in while the work was in progress," he said.

"Native peoples have never shown resentment at the activities of archaeologists in the areas where I have worked.

"But they regard the foreigners as a little queer because of their passion for digging."

With a party of 20 other British and American archaeologists, including Miss Kathleen Kenyon, lecturer in Palestinian archaeology at the University of London, Mr. Hennessy spent about four months in Jericho.

Recent finds there have revealed that Jericho was an early neolithic settlement and one of the earliest walled cities in the world, possibly dating from 5000 B.C.

But the excavations had revealed no traces of the occupation of the city by Joshua,

who, in the Bible record, breached its walls by ordering his trumpeters to blow certain notes.

In Mesopotamia, where Mr. Hennessy also did some excavating, the heat was so intense that the work began at 4.30 a.m. and continued until midday, after which it was no possible to resume digging until five in the afternoon.

"We used small paint brushes to dig out a fine find of a collection of cuneiform tablets near the Biblical city of Harran," he said.

"The tablets are made of soft clay and could have been easily spoiled. Engraved on them are letters and business documents."

Going bare-footed to guard against damaging articles hidden in the soil, the archaeologists worked for 14 hours a day dusting out the tablets, their eyes riveted on the task, never daring even to look up.

Mr. Hennessy's studies at the fulfillment of a childhood ambition. He has been fascinated by archaeology since he was a schoolboy at St. Patrick's College, Ballarat, Victoria.

"It's back-breaking at times, but it provides a wonderfully healthy outdoor life packed with interest," he told me.

He admitted that his urge to dig vanishes in a garden. He is a self-confessed no-hoper in this field.



TOMB of the Late Bronze Age in Cyprus. The roof of the tomb had collapsed and smashed the pottery deposit. The jug shown above was found in pieces in this tomb.



"DIG HOUSE" JERICHO, where Basil Hennessy lived with a party of 20 British and American archaeologists, who recently made important discoveries there.



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MOTHER



"You have NOTHING to worry about. Just keep them all quietly in bed for a fortnight."

BUTCH



"I'm sorry I woke you up, but I always feel silly laughing at comedians all by myself."

## It seems to me

NEXT year when I go on holiday I intend to take a geiger counter instead of a fishing rod.

It appears that a local resident has found uranium in a mountain hard by the beach where I have loafed for a month every year for five years.

No use having vain regrets about the time wasted by the water's edge which might have been more profitably used in scrabbling round the mountain.

I don't suppose the place will ever be the same again. Probably all the cheerful local fishermen will take to wearing black homburgs and carrying brief-cases marked "secret."

Doubtless the bus driver who meets the train, instead of his customary cheery welcome, will say, "I'm sorry, but as this is a restricted area I must first ask you, 'Are you or have you ever been a member of a subversive organisation, or are you considering joining one? What is your favorite color? Baggage-search rooms to the left.'"

And when you recover sufficiently to ask when the wind will move out of the south-east, you will be told, "Shhh. There's a security ban on weather."

PUBLICLY-OWNED transport in most States is in a parlous financial condition. In New South Wales the losses on trams and buses have reduced authorities to a state of hand-wringing hysteria.

The approach to the question of public transport in this country has always been too limited. Trains, trams, and buses, with rare exceptions, have been regarded as a method of transporting bodies from one point to another, with practically no attention paid to comfort and none to pleasure.

Who, for instance, except children, ever considers going on a train ride for pleasure? There are a few tolerable long-distance trains in Australia—you could probably count them on the fingers of one hand—but even those compare unfavorably with first-class trains in other countries.

Children, of course, enjoy all moving vehicles. Their nerves are still strong and their bones don't crave comfort. Nor are they over-particular about cleanliness.

If, long ago, more attention had been paid to comfort in modes of transport, if vehicles had all been kept looking gay and clean, that childish pleasure might be retained by adults who might even say, "What, nothing to do to-night? Let's go on a tram or train ride."

BRITISH scientists engaged on sound research state that men talk more than women.

The average conversation of women lasted 12 minutes, they found, whereas men's averaged 15 minutes.

However, they say that the female voice is pitched half an octave higher, which makes it more annoying.

Well, they had to find SOMETHING to take that smile of satisfaction off our faces, didn't they?



Dorothy Drain

TELEVISION phones are coming closer. One was shown this month at a radio exhibition at Earl's Court, London.

Cosmetic manufacturers must be grateful for the news. It means that few women will answer a television phone without applying new lipstick.

Those who have phones beside their beds will probably take to retiring in full regalia.

Dorothy Parker's celebrated short story about the girl hoping for the phone to ring must be considered in a fresh light.

Miss Parker's story tells the thoughts of a young woman waiting for a phone call which the reader knows will never come.

That story translated unrequited love into the modern or telephone idiom once and for all. Or so it seemed. But, though Miss Parker never described her heroine's appearance, it was obvious to any female reader that the girl was looking perfectly frightful, hair so end, wrapped in an old dressing-gown, and glowering over an ashtray full of butts.

With a television phone she would be wearing a cocktail frock, sitting stiff and dry-eyed, afraid to cry lest she ruin her mascara.

However, I have a solution ready to last the problem when it comes (the television phone, I mean, not unrequited love, for which there is no solution).

I am going to have my outward viewing mechanism rigged so that it will transmit a picture of Hedy Lamarr.

THE worst thing about getting old is that the feeling sets in so young.

A 19-year-old tells me she felt the first twinges the other day. She asked a 15-year-old friend what she was going to wear to a ball.

The 15-year-old described a strapless model. "Strapless!" said the elder. "Why, I didn't wear my first strapless dress till I was 15." "Oh, well," said the younger girl kindly. "I don't suppose they were so fashionable in those days."

A MAN who is cooking for oil-searchers in Western Australia has cooked for men in two world wars and for shepherds, scientists, and fishermen. "I like to keep on the move," he said, "and to see fresh faces eating my food."

"They say," said Mamma, "men cook are the best."

"But which of 'em, put through their paces,

"Could continue attacking their task with zest

"When feeding the same old faces?"

"This fellow has hammered the nail on the head;

"My meals have been called repetitious."

"But he, lucky chap" (she bitterly said) "Can move when they're sick of his dishes."



# Special Supplement

## MAKE A HAT TO MATCH YOUR FACE

What's a hat for? To protect your head? Keep your hair neat? The sun out of your eyes? Perhaps, but surely it should first make you look prettier.

**B**ECOMING hat is a background, centring attention on the face and flattering its contours. Its business is to be kind to your complexion, friendly to your features, and a staunch ally of your "hair-do."

The correct hat is a beauty treatment. It can give you height or take it away, widen your brow, shorten or lengthen the shape of your face, and deepen the color of your eyes.

It can take years off your looks. But remember you must do your part. Your face must live up to your hat—skin clear; eyes and lips colorful and expressive; make-up chosen with intelligence.

The hat still needs the cajolery of a shiny, well-groomed head. Thought must be given to the design of your hair-do and hair-brushing and shampooing must be carried out meticulously.

Never let your hat caricature you. Be sure it does not clash in color with your make-up.

See that it does not make a broad face broader or a long face longer.

If you have a round face look for a hat with long, up-slanting lines. A pillbox or pointed pixie shape is excellent.

For the girl with a hair-do that reaches to the collar at the back but is short at the sides, a tiny pushed-back hat, shell-shaped or with a curved line to show the hair, is definitely a flatterer.

The contours of an oval face will best

be shown off by a shallow cloche with elliptic curves, a bonnet shape that repeats the curve of your face, or a hat with a centre dip to make your face appear heart-shaped.

A face with wide cheek-bones and that narrows rather sharply to brow and chin will have a piquant charm when a hat and hair-do are designed to avoid a too-pointed effect.

A shallow hat with width above the temples is the perfect setting.

The problem of a pear-shaped face with narrow brow and broad jaw can be solved with a brow-broadening hair-do and a flat cap or hat set straight on the head so that it conceals the narrowest part of the forehead and makes the face appear oval.

Before you make the decision, study the designs. On the following pages find your own shape and color and see what a friend a hat can be.

On page 23 we present a clever ten-in-one hat. Anyone can find several shapes to match her face.

The six small shapes on page 25 are chic and new—take your coiffure cue from them.

Pages 28 and 29 will help you find how to flatter your face contours.

For all these hats, simple, easy-to-follow patterns are available at 2/- each.

On page 26 is an enchanting white organdie model with a flower trim, with easy-to-follow instructions for making.

The two hats on page 27 also have full instructions. One is crochet and the other can be made two ways, in plaited braid or from plaited velvet ribbons.

(This feature has been made available exclusively to The Australian Women's Weekly by the National Magazine Company.)



**ENCHANTING** spring flower hat, above, is made from white lilac sprays fastened to a velvet ribbon base. If you have average sewing skill the construction is no problem. You can make it with three sprays of lilac, 1yd. veiling, and 1yd. 3 1/2 in.-wide velvet ribbon. Cut off a piece of ribbon approximately 24 in. long. Join centre back to fit head measurement. Gather at join and take tucks where necessary to make a securely fitting crown. Arrange flowers and attach to front of crown. Use the rest of the ribbon to make a neat bow to finish off centre-back.

### Be smart and . . .

- Avoid wearing the same type of hat year in and year out. Even the most difficult face can be attractively complimented by several different shapes, colors, and fabrics.
- Always keep trimming fresh, replace drooping flowers and tired veiling. Remember, too, how fresh a veil looks after pressing under waxed paper.
- Never under-estimate the importance of a hat. Without a hat a street costume is unfinished. Minus a hat you miss your full share of beauty.
- Know how flattering a veil can be. The newest way to wear one is turkish-fashion, covering the lower half of the face.
- Avoid centre trimming if your nose is no asset. The eye is apt to travel down from the trimming to take in the feature you would prefer to minimise.
- Remember when choosing a color that summer fashions are essentially feminine and often call for a hat in a fragile color, or white.
- The very short coiffure looks wonderful under a cloche, a pillbox or a mandarin cap. Let your ears show, but be sure there's a soft mass of hair behind them.
- Plan always to have on hand at least one super hat for moments when you need all the flattery you can get. White for an olive complexion, deep rich shade for grey hair, and pink for everybody.
- Don't attempt to find one hat to go with every outfit you own. You'll end up with a meek thing that goes with nothing and never seems just right for the time and place it is worn.
- Put your skin in the pink of condition before you wear your new hat. If your skin is not so smooth and clear as you would like, do something about it at once. Check up on diet and redouble your beauty routine.
- Take a top-to-toe look before choosing a hat. The right hat is always in pleasing proportion to the figure as well as the face. Before the final decision, study the full-length picture of yourself.
- Keep in mind that your hat should show most of your forehead if you wear glasses.
- Establish happy relations between you and your bonnet—a hat can minimise poor features or set off good ones. And remember if your chapeau is pink, red, or orange your lip-stick must harmonise.
- Reject any hat that must bristle with hat-pins. The right hat clings to your head, even on windy days, with no apparent help—or, at the most, with a light hat elastic or one unobtrusive hat-pin.





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## SPRING'S SMARTEST MILLINERY IDEA

# The ten-in-one hat

● It isn't a hat to wear 10 ways, it's 10 separate hats. On a white pique skull cap (No. 10) button a curving crown and you've a smart spring hat (No. 4). Button on a soft turndown brim and you've another (No. 1).

THE pattern, No. 2094, explains clearly and includes diagrams for the hat-changing ideas.

The button-on extras are so varied that anyone can find several shapes to match her face.

It's really simple to make. One yard of 36in. waffle-weave pique, plus small left-overs from last summer's sewing, is the only material that you will need to buy.

Any vivid color or printed fabric will combine well with the basic white skull cap.

The buttons you'll need can probably be found in the family button-box.

Head size, medium. Price 2/-. To order ten-in-one hat pattern, see panel, page 26.





## A black and white photograph of a woman lying in bed, looking down at a book or magazine she is holding in her hands. She is wearing a light-colored, patterned nightgown. The bed has a dark wooden headboard and a light-colored pillow.



## Choose your small shape

These six small hats are in the most fashionable shapes for spring. The directions for making the smart red-and-black cloche, below, and for the young-looking braided pixie hat, bottom left, are on page 27. To order patterns for the other hats, see panel on page 26.

2092.—Ball fringe pillbox made on a wired base has piquant charm. It takes patience rather than millinery skill. Requires 8½yds. of ½in. white double ball fringe, ½yd. 36in. leno, ½yd. 36in. white rayon lining, ¾yd. ½in. white grosgrain ribbon, and one piece of 23in. milliners' wire. Pattern price, 2/-.



CLOCHE in two colors made in single crochet stitch for the crown and popcorn stitch for the brim. Directions for making, page 27.

2108.—Crown cap, becoming to hair brushed up high, is simply cord sewn on a colored buckram shape. Requires 8yds. of ½in. cord, ½yd. 36in. leno, ½yd. 36in. lining, milliners' block or substitute of cotton wadding, ½yd. 1in. grosgrain ribbon. Head size, 22½in. Pattern price, 2/-.

DESIGN for a pixie turban by Lilly Dache. It can be made from straw braid, velvet ribbon, or gay bits of colored fabric. Directions, page 27.



2093.—Flower and ribbon toque, above, is hearteningly easy to make. Requires 2yds. 1½in. lavender velvet ribbon, 4yds. 1½in. chartruese velvet ribbon, three bunches of lilacs. Price, 2/-.

2091.—Sally Victor's hat, right, abets the fullness of a young face. Requires 1yd. 42in. faille, 1yd. 36in. leno, ½yd. 36in. rayon taffeta (lining), ¾yd. ½in. grosgrain ribbon, 2 buttons. Price, 2/-.





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**The Season for Skating**

and jazz has begun,

And frivolous flappers are out for fun,

Seeking the scenes where the arc-lights glare,

Taking a chance in the chill night air,

O Sadie and Maisie and Edna and May,

What will poor father and mother say

In the "wee small hours" if there's "flu" to endure,

Without your

**Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

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**For the young and pretty**



As light and cool as  
a spring breeze

FLOWER-TRIMMED organdie hat will appeal to every young girl to wear with her summer silks. It is inexpensive and quite simple to make.

A white organdie hat is ideal summer frosting for afternoon and late-day fashions.

**THE** organdie plus the flower-garnish will cost very little money.

The construction is no problem.

**Materials:** 1 yd. white organdie; 1 skein stranded cotton; 8 small hooks; 1 yd. narrow matching ribbon; flower spray.

Make a paper pattern from the diagram and cut out all the pieces from the organdie as shown.

Make a narrow turning on hat and lining pieces, tack together and machine all round close to the edge.

Work all round the edge in bullion-stitch at regular intervals. This is optional.

With a stiletto make eight small holes as indicated on the diagram. Insert the shank of a book into each one and sew into place neatly.

Make four button loops on both opposite edges to correspond with the books.

Make four more holes with the stiletto at centre-front and buttonhole-stitch each one neatly. These are for the ribbon.

Join both bow pieces to-

**DIAGRAM** for making the organdie hat. Make a paper pattern first, then cut out the material.

gether as indicated by dotted lines. Make a narrow roll hem.

Thread the ribbon through the holes in front, draw up into a pleat, and tie knot.

Fold the bow in half, place over the pleat, and tie the ribbon once again.

Arrange the flower spray in the centre of the bow and tie into place with the remainder of the ribbon, making a neat bow.

Fasten the hooks into the loops at the back.

**How to obtain hat patterns**

**PATTERNS** for the models in this "Make a Hat to Match Your Face" supplement may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). City depot for Fashion Patterns is at Stoddart's Building, 125a York Street.

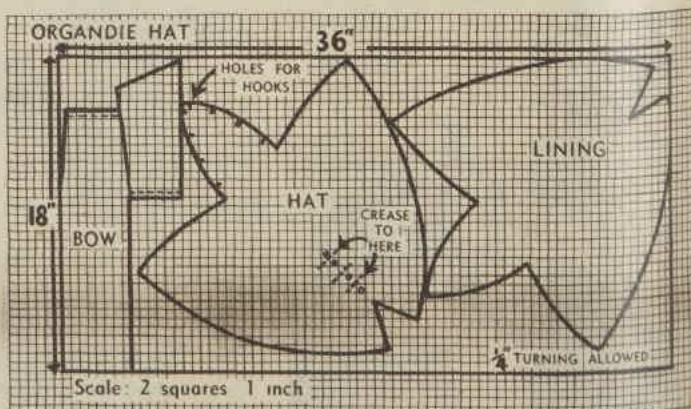
Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Every pattern includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart.

When ordering, please quote pattern number.

Each pattern is 2/-.

No C.O.D. orders accepted.







NEAT crocheted cloche could be worn year-long and would be an inexpensive addition to any woman's wardrobe. Anyone with average crocheting skill could make it.



RIBBON or straw braid is used for this chic little pixie hat. It is made on a simple sparterie base and there is scope for originality in the choice of colors.

## Two simple-to-make hats

Here are full instructions for making these clever little hats. Red and black are the colors suggested for the crocheted cloche, but other combinations or even one color would look equally smart.

### Two-colored cloche

**Materials:** Two balls of No. 8 red Milford knitting cotton; 5 balls of No. 8 black Milford knitting cotton; 1 steel No. 3 crochet hook; 1 small tin of material stiffener; 1 small brush. Use double thread throughout.

#### Abbreviations

Ch, chain; sl-st, slip-stitch; sc, single crochet; pc-st, popcorn stitch; d.c., double crochet; rnd(s), round(s); sp., space.

Gauge: 6 s.c. make 1 inch; 6 rnds. make 1 inch.

#### CROWN

Starting at centre top with red, ch 4. Join with sl-st. to form a ring. 1st rnd.: Make hat in ring. 2nd rnd.: 2 s.c. in each sc. around (12 s.c.). 3rd rnd.: \* 2 s.c. in next s.c. (an increase), s.c. in next s.c. Repeat from \* around. 4th rnd.: \* 2 s.c. in next s.c., s.c. in next

2 s.c. Repeat from \* around. 5th rnd.: S.c. in each s.c., increasing 6 s.c., evenly spaced on rnd. Repeat 5th rnd. until there are 120 s.c. on rnd. Now work 10 rnds. without increasing or until crown is desired depth. Next rnd.: \* 2 s.c. in next s.c., s.c. in next 5 s.c. Repeat from \* around, ending with a sl-st. in first s.c. Break off.

#### BRIM

Attach black to first s.c. 1st rnd.: Ch. 3 (to count as 1 d.c.), d.c. in same s.c., make 3 more d.c. in same s.c., drop loop from hook, insert hook in first d.c. and draw dropped loop through (pc-st. made); \* ch. 1, skip next s.c., pc-st. in next s.c. Repeat from \* around, ending with ch. 1, sl-st. in top of first pc-st. Repeat 2nd rnd. once more. Break off.

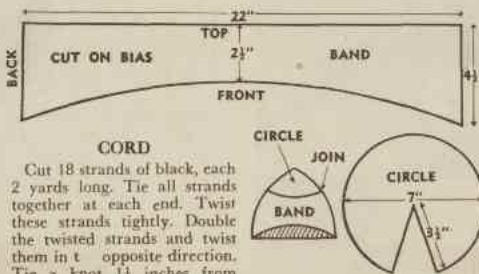


DIAGRAM showing how the sparterie base for the pixie hat is cut.

### Braided toque

**Materials:** Three yards each of three contrasting colors in lin. wide velvet ribbon or lin. wide straw braid; 1 piece of sparterie, 21in. by 31in.; 1 piece of millinery wire, approximately 24in. long; 4yd. lin. grosgrain ribbon.

Cut a circle of sparterie 7in. in diameter and cut out piece at back as shown on diagram and join edges. This will form

the peak at the top part of toque.

Cut a band of sparterie approximately 4 1/2 in. by 22 in. on the bias, as shown on diagram. The exact length depends on individual head fitting. Join at back. Run thread round top of band and draw into size of circle and attach by back-stitching band to circle. Wire bottom of shape. Bind with lin. grosgrain ribbon to form head band.

Plait together the lengths of braid or velvet ribbon, being careful not to draw too tightly, and sew on to frame spiral fashion. Tuck in ends and finish neatly.

a mistake. If in an unwary moment you bought a hat that reproaches you every time you look in the mirror, give it up.

If your neck is short and thick, don't choose a wide-brimmed or dropping hat.

Be sure that the one you wear shows off every inch of your neck.

Don't wear too many colors. If you are in doubt at all, choose a matching hat rather than a contrasting one.

Two colors at once are generally enough and three is the maximum.

Don't despair if you can't find the right hat to suit your face. Probably your hairstyle is at fault.

Experiment in front of a mirror until you find your best hairline.

## Some millinery don'ts

Your hat must be considered in relation to your face, figure, and personality. Don't choose a hat merely because you like it—make sure it does something for you.

**H**ERE are some of the most important mistakes to avoid when buying or making a new hat.

If you have a large face and ample figure, don't wear either a tiny or a very big hat. Pick a fairly bulky hat with upward lines.

Don't repeat a bad line. For example, don't let the line of a hat follow the line of a too-large nose or repeat

the upturn of a too-tilted nose.

An irregular brim of soft trimming that projects a little over the forehead is helpful in either case.

Don't match the fabric of your hat with that of your suit.

A tweed suit is enough tweed, and another color or texture may be more flattering to your face and hair.

If you are under five feet

two, don't wear a cartwheel hat. It will dwarf you and your tall companion will be able to see nothing but hat. Pick a hat scaled logically to your dimensions.

If you are taller than you wish, don't wear hats with high crowns or vertical lines.

Hats with horizontal lines will cut your height.

It need not be a wide hat, but should have a little width at the sides.

Don't wear elaborate earrings when your chapeau is a very elaborate or flower-bedecked affair. Save them for your simple hats.

Don't try to bluff through

**silkie, softer, MORE Natural LOOKING CURLS**  
that defy dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold



### A Wave you can Set and Forget

And for very good reasons, too! Only the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has such a gentle, yet effective Creme Waving Lotion... it really does give you softer, more manageable, more natural-looking curls and waves than any other home permanent! And only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has Neutraliser Booster. This Richard Hudnut discovery not only keeps those exquisitely feminine waves lovelier much longer, but—and this is so important—restores hair to its naturally healthy state, preserves it, cherishes it, gives you curls so soft yet so strong that they come back even prettier after a shampoo! So, for a home wave that's... well, just thrilling... that's as natural-as-can-be, use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill which contains everything you need except the plastic curlers. At all chemists and selected department stores.



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Refill

### EASIER! QUICKER!

**Richard Hudnut whirl-a-wave curlers**

Home Perming and hair setting take much less time to do with the amazing new, easier, quicker-winding Richard Hudnut Whirl-a-Wave Curlers. Sold separately from Richard Hudnut Home Permanent.



### BRING OUT THE Lovelights IN YOUR HAIR.

GIVE IT A BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS SHEEN WITH

**Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO**

IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier, your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure until kidneys function normally. Stop trouble with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts blood in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

### Man's finest food!

**Sanitarium Wheat Germ**





# Flatter your face



2104.—Two-colored hat, above, does wonders for all types. Requires 1 yd. each of contrast colors in 18 in. grosgrain, 2 wooden button moulds 1½ in. in diameter, ½ yd. 1 in. ribbon. Head size, 22½ in. Pattern may be adjusted. Price, 2/6.

2100.—Sally Victor's ribbon hat, right. Requires ½ yd. 28 in. buckram, 2½ yds. 5½ in. satin ribbon, 1½ yds. ¾ in. satin ribbon, ½ yd. 1 in. grosgrain ribbon, ½ yd. 36 in. tulle (lining), 46 in. piece of milliners' wire. Head size, 21½ in. Price, 2/6.



2099.—Beatrice Martin design for a pique beret. The forward-jutting brim will shorten and widen a long, narrow face. Requires 1/3 yd. 36 in. pique, piece of 32 in. milliners' wire, ½ yd. ¾ in. grosgrain, ribbon to match. Price, 2/6.



2103.—Pillbox with slip-on cover. Requires for foundation ½ yd. 36 in. cotton, ½ yd. 36 in. organdie, ½ yd. 28 in. buckram for interfacing, 1 packet of bias tape. Slip-on cover, ½ yd. 36 in. material, ½ yd. ¾ in. corded ribbon, 9 in. zipper. Price, 2/6.



2101.—Pillbox designed to lengthen a round face. Requires ½ yd. 36 in. tulle, ½ yd. 36 in. white rayon, ½ yd. 36 in. leno, ½ yd. ¾ in. grosgrain ribbon, ½ yd. milliners' wire, 40 pearl buttons ½ in. in diameter. Head size, 22 in. Price, 2/6.



Here are hat fashions to make from a pattern. There is a choice for all face-shapes — so find just the right one to make you look prettier. The hats can all be made quite cheaply. To obtain patterns, with step-by-step directions, see panel on page 26.



2095.—Shallow cloche, left, with elliptic curves, is flattering to oval contours. Model by Sally Victor. Requires 1½ yds. 18in. grosgrain, ½ yd. 36in. leno, ½ yd. 36in. taffeta, two small bunches of artificial daisies, ½ yd. ¾ in. grosgrain ribbon. Head size, 21in. Price, 2/-.

2098.—White pique cartwheel, above, has a wide brow-broadening brim wired stiff. Requires ½ yd. 36in. novelty weave pique, 1½ yds. white hat wire, ½ yd. ¾ in. white grosgrain ribbon, two clusters of artificial daisies and mimosa. Head size, medium. Price 2/-.



2102.—Dutch cap, off the face, is becoming to an oval face. The model has a wired edge that can be shaped to fit. Requires 1½ yds. 18in. grosgrain, ½ yd. 36in. plain rayon, ½ yd. 36in. leno, 23in. strip of milliners' wire. Price, 2/-.



2096.—Chic cap for a teenager. Requires ½ yd. 36in. Indian head, ½ yd. 36in. cotton (lining), ½ yd. 36in. muslin, ½ yd. 36in. leno, ½ yd. ¾ in. grosgrain ribbon, 16in. strip of milliners' wire, 2 pearl buttons about ¼ in. in diameter. Price, 2/-.



2097.—Stitched beret worn pushed forward is very becoming to a high forehead. Requires ½ yd. 36in. Indian head, ½ yd. 36in. flannelette, ½ yd. 36in. net, ½ yd. 36in. plaid gingham, ½ yd. 1in. grosgrain ribbon. Size, 21½ in. Price, 2/-.





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## RECIPE FOR PASTRY

**Ingredients:** 2 ozs. Copha, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon milk, 4 ozs. self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoon salt.

**Method:** 1. Chop Copha roughly and place in a basin.

2. Boil water and milk and pour over Copha.

3. Beat with a fork till thick — like whipped cream.

4. Mix in flour and salt, then knead slightly on a floured board.

5. Roll to fit an 8" pie plate and trim and decorate edges.

Pierce well with a fork.

6. Bake in a hot oven, 450°F, about 15 minutes.

7. Allow to cool before filling with cooled filling.



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Try it once, and you'll serve dreamy Mellah pies often! Delicious Mellah is a milk dessert — makes quick and easy desserts and pie fillings.

Mellah's nourishing too... simple to make, and costs only pennies a serve! Take your choice of these three delicious flavours — Chocolate, Vanilla and Caramel.

## CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING

**Part 1:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  pkt. Chocolate Mellah,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 banana.  
**Part 2:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  pkt. Vanilla Mellah, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut.

## Method:

1. Make up Chocolate Mellah as directed, using only the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Add sliced banana, cool and place in cooled pie shell.

2. Make up Vanilla Mellah using the 1 cup milk, stir in coconut. Cool and pour onto Chocolate Mellah.

Allow to become quite cold and decorate with shaved Chocolate before serving.



Round off the meal with  
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# Worth Reporting

**T**O report the most courteous and best informed shop-assistant in the district, a "phantom shopper" is employed by the Prahran Chamber of Commerce, Melbourne.

The assistant who gains the title each week wins a substantial prize.

Mr. Burton Graham, who is in charge of the City of Prahran's recently formed public relations office, explained that the "phantom shopper's" identity was a closely guarded secret.

This is to encourage employees to enhance the district's reputation as a shopping centre by concentrating on smiling service to all in case the customers include the "phantom."

Another innovation by Prahran business men and city fathers for stimulating civic pride will be the gift of an electric lawn-mower to the householder with the best kept lawn.

## She helps govern her home town

**T**HE City of Grafton Council has a woman alderman, the first on the North Coast of New South Wales. She is Mavis McClymont, daughter of a Grafton jeweller and optometrist.

Apart from her job as reporter on the local paper, Mavis finds time to do a surprising amount of extra work.

She is a J.P.; past-president and present secretary of the Grafton Quota Club (a women's club similar to the Rotary Club); captain of the Ranger Girls' Troop; secretary and foundation member of the Old Age and Invalid Pensioners' Welfare Association; and until recently was the only woman on the Jacaranda Festival Committee.

Mavis has lived in Grafton all her life, and told us that she is so happy there that she never wants to leave.

Her hobbies are knitting, for which she has taken many prizes in the Grafton Show; playing the organ; and motor-ing.



"More down the centre, please!"

**I**N the Canary Islands things are getting pretty tough for the consumer. An overseas report of conditions there cites the case of the customer who asked for bananas in a store. "We don't have any," said the shopkeeper. "With the new price increase, bananas would not right here in the shop. Tell me, who can afford bananas at three cents a pound these days?"

## Opera singers at work

**C**LEARING our throats in professional style, we went along to a rehearsal of "The Tales of Hoffmann," but nobody asked us to sing.

All the singing necessary was done by members of the combined Sydney and Metropolitan Musical Societies, who will give seven performances of the opera at Sydney Conservatorium, starting on September 27.

In her big, bare studio, producer Mina Shelley was putting some of the principals through their paces.

A tape recording of proceedings would have revealed some rather surprising additions to Offenbach's masterpiece as the fine singing of Michael Khlentzos, Gladys Mawson, and Jacqueline Talbot was interspersed with the producer's comments:

"Keep your tummy in."  
"Give her a big cuddle."  
"Let your head go. She's a beautiful woman."

It was unorthodox entertainment, but opera fans need have no fears. It won't be like that on opening night.

## LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

**L**OOKING for a house in England for the Coronation? I have an abbey on my books.

It is Notley Abbey, Buckinghamshire, which belongs to Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, who find its medieval luxuriousness impractical because they both have to spend so much time in London and New York.

Sir Laurence, who bought the abbey when he was making the film "Henry V," because he is "mad about turrets," says its main advantages are a garage for six cars and trouble-free drainage.

If you are interested, they are giving it away for a mere £27,000 sterling.

**A** FAMOUS London dress-designer was in a quandary. During fittings, the Queen said she could not bear to see pins lying on the carpet and whenever one was dropped she would plunge to the floor to retrieve it. Of course, the fitting had to begin all over again. After sleepless nights the designer finally hit on a solution, and the Queen on her next visit to his salon received a mysterious little gift. Now Her Majesty still picks up the pins AND remains upright. The present was a magnet on a length of pink ribbon!

**I**T'S amazing how many Australian girls are making successful careers in London's modelling world. Latest to break into this hard-to-crack profession is Norma Bannenberg, of Sydney.

Norma's story reads like a fairy-tale. After months of unsuccessfully trekking from one modelling agency to another, she was almost ready to give up.

On the top of a bus a man approached her and inquired if she were interested in modelling. Norma managed to gulp out "Yes," and he gave her a card and made an appointment for the next day. The card read: "Dick Dormer, Harper's Bazaar."

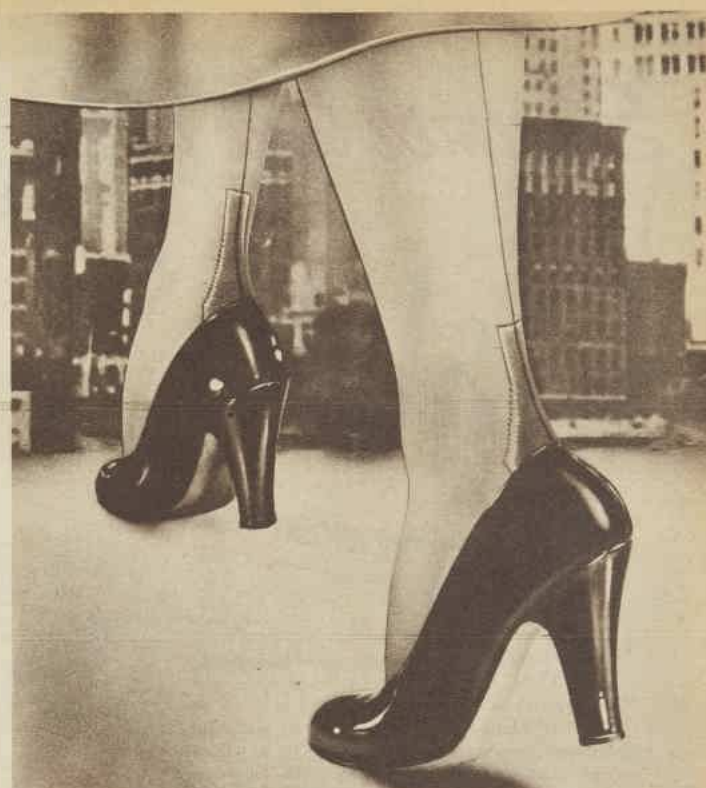
The editor of "Harper's" has since prophesied that Norma will become one of their top-flight models.

**D**URING the interval of a performance of "As You Like It" at Stratford-Upon-Avon, I saw Hollywood's newest glamor-girl, Zsa Zsa Gabor, on the terrace of the Memorial Theatre.

In the absence of her husband, George Sanders, she was escorted by Australian actor Ron Randall.

Ron told me on the quiet (in a heavy American accent) that he may be going into a West End play.

During the past year he has been playing opposite Olivia de Havilland on the New York stage as well as making movies. He is in England for the world premiere of one of his films.



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## RIVETS





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# The Far Country

Continued from page 10

ZLINTER stood up and drew Jennifer to her feet. "I am going to take you home now, Jenny," he said, "back to Leonora. We have said everything there is to say, and you are very tired. Tomorrow you must start and travel for six days across the world. Before we say good-bye, will you promise me two things?"

"If I can," she said. "What are they?"

"I want you to go straight to bed when you get back to Leonora station and sleep."

"Dear Carl, I've got some packing to do, but I think there'll be time in the morning. Yes, I'll go to bed. What's the other one?"

"I want you to remember that I love you very much," he said.

"I'll always do that, Carl." He left her then, and took the spade and the pick down the hill to return them to Billy; then he watched his lean form sliding down the hill. She was so tired that she could think of nothing clearly; she only knew that she loved him, and that he was much too thin.

She watched him in the dappled sunlight under the great tree, in a stupor of misery and weariness.

When he came back to her he was calm and matter of fact; he picked up the basket and the grill.

They came to the station half an hour later; she got out and opened the three gates; at the end they drove into the yard by the back door. He stopped the car by the kitchen door.

"We will make this very short now," he said in a low tone. "Good-bye, Jenny."

She said, "Good-bye, Carl," and got out of the car, and looked a smile at him, and went into the house. He turned back to the car, expressionless, and took the basket and put it on the edge of the verandah, got into the car again, and drove it into the shed where it belonged.

For a moment he hesitated, wondering whether he should go into the house to see the Dorman, and decided against it; he would come in one evening in a few days' time to thank them for the use of the car, after Jennifer had gone. He took his grill and the measuring tape and the wire pegs from the back of the utility and made for the yard gate.

At the corner of the house, Jack Dorman was there, sitting on the edge of the verandah, waiting for him. Zlinter said, "I have put the utility back in the shed, Mr. Dorman. It was very kind of you to lend it. I do not think we shall need to borrow it again."

"Jenny told you she was going back to England?" The grazier held out his packet of cigarettes; the Czech took one and lit it. "She has told me that," he said.

"Too bad she's got to go back after such a short stay in Australia," Jack Dorman said.

"It's bad luck," Carl Zlinter said, "but she is doing the right thing, and it is like her to decide the way she has."

"That's right," the grazier agreed.

They smoked in silence for a minute. "What are you going to do yourself?" Jack Dorman

asked at last. "Got another nine months in the woods, haven't you?"

The other nodded. "After that, I will try to be a doctor again. I will go and see Dr. Jennings very soon, I think, and talk to him, and find if it is possible. If I may not be a doctor here, I will try other countries. In Pakistan I could be a doctor now, at once, but I do not want to live in Pakistan. I want to live here."

"It'd be quite a good thing to start off with Dr. Jennings," the grazier said thoughtfully. "He thinks a lot of what you did with those operations."

"He was very friendly to me at the inquest," the Czech said. "I will go and talk to him, for a start."

The grazier got slowly to his feet. "Come along and see us now and then and let us know how you're going on," he said. "If you need to get around, there's the utility any time."

Carl Zlinter said, "It is very kind of you, but I would not like to use your car."

"We've got three cars on the station now," the grazier said. "We shan't miss it if you take it. If you're going to be running in and out of town on this doctoring business you don't want to be stuck for a car."

"It would be a great help, certainly."

"You'd better get yourself a licence," said Jack Dorman.

Next afternoon, Jack Dorman drove Jane and a white-faced, rather silent Jennifer to Albury to catch the Sydney express, a matter of a hundred miles or so. Jack said good-bye gruffly to Jennifer at the station and turned for home.

He got back to Banbury by five o'clock, hot and thirsty, and ready for a few beers; he parked under the trees and went into the saloon bar of the Queen's Head Hotel.

It was full of his grazier neighbors, and old Pat Halloran, and Dr. Jennings. Jack crossed to the doctor and drank a beer or two with him, slaking the dust from his dry throat.

Presently he said, "I had a talk with Splinter yesterday. Seems he wants to be a doctor again after his time's up."

"He came to see me to-day," the doctor said. "I told him that I'd write to the secretary of the B.M.A. in Melbourne about him, but I don't know that I'll do much good. The Medical Registration Board have made these rules, and that's all about it."

"It's a pity," said the grazier. He added, "How's the chap with the fractured skull going on?"

"Fine, and he's completely normal mentally. I'm going to put that in my letter, of course."

"We should have a job for a bloke like that," the grazier said.

"Well, yes—with reservations," Jennings said. "I'm going down to Melbourne in a fortnight's time and I'll look in and see the secretary."

"I'd like to know how it goes on," the grazier said. He paused and took a drink of beer. "There's another thing," he said, "and that's that he hasn't got any money. I wouldn't mind helping a bit if that was the only thing."

The doctor glanced up.

"That's very generous of you," Jack Dorman said. "You know how it is with wool these days. The wife likes him and Jenny likes him; he's right. If everything else was set, I wouldn't want to see the thing go crook because of the money. Keep that under your hat, though; I haven't told him, and I don't intend to for a while."

"You wouldn't mind it if I told the secretary, though?" the doctor said, and Dorman nodded agreement.

On Saturday evening, five days later, the doctor posted his letter to the secretary of the British Medical Association.

On Saturday evening, also, Zlinter slept at Billy Shinn's house in the Howqua valley, tired with a day of strenuous work. He had driven out that morning in a truck belonging to the timber company to deposit his load of sawn timber and a hundred bricks in Jack McDougall's paddock.

From there he had walked down to the forest ranger's house to borrow a horse and sledge, and he had trudged up and down hill all the day transporting his building materials down to the flat where Charlie Zlinter's house had been. He had driven himself hard for ten hours, haunted by the memory of Jennifer at each turn of the road.

BY nightfall Zlinter had got all his stuff down to the site, and he was glad to pack up and go and grill his steak upon the forest ranger's fire and chat with him for a short while before the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

On that same Saturday evening, Jennifer Morton drove in the coach from London Airport to the airways terminal at Victoria, dazed and unhappy in the London scene. A thin February drizzle was falling, and the air was damp and raw after the hot Australian summer.

She had bought a paper at the airport and had glanced at the headlines, after which it lay unheeded in her lap. The meat ration was down to matchbox size and was to be increased in price; the Minister for War had made a foolish speech, and the Minister for Health an inflammatory one, full of class prejudice.

It was all so familiar, and she was so tired of these people, tired of everything that she had come back to. It was a terrible mistake, she felt, to go out of England if you had to come back. It was far better to stay quietly at home and do the daily round and not know what went on in other happier countries.

She was too tired to go on to Leicester that night, although she could have done so, too miserable to face her father in his grief till she had mastered her own troubles and grown more accustomed to the English way of life.

Taking a taxi from the airways terminal to St. Pancras station, she got a room for the night at the St. Pancras hotel, a clean, bare inhuman hotel room, but warm and with a comfortable bed. Her head was still swimming with the vista of the countries she had

flushed through, her stomach still upset with irregular meals served at strange hours and in strange places.

She could not eat anything; she threw off her clothes and had a bath and went to bed, and lay for a long time listening to the clamor of the London traffic, crying a little, mourning for the dark foreigner she loved and for the clear, bright sunlight of the Howqua valley.

On Sunday morning Carl Zlinter got up at dawn and went up early to the flat among the gum trees, and stood for a few minutes planning his work. He decided that it was not practical to place his house exactly where the other one had been; he would move it laterally about a foot to clear the charred stumps of the old posts.

He decided to build the brick chimney first and make the wooden house to suit the chimney; for an inexperienced builder it would be easier that way. He marked out the foundations for the chimney with thrusts of his spade and considered the stone slab, reputed to weigh four hundredweight.

It now lay more or less where the fire was to be; it would have to be moved back about three feet, and to one side. He went back to the forest ranger's house to borrow his crowbar, resolved to work all day and exorcise his troubles with fatigue again.

The same Sunday morning Jennifer came by train to Leicester station, left her two suitcases in the cloakroom for her father to pick up in the car, and walked in a fine, misty rain up the grey length of London Road to her home by Victoria Park.

She pushed the familiar front door open and walked into the narrow hall; it now seemed small and rather mean to her. She opened the drawing-room door and caught her father just getting up out of his chair at the sound of her step.

"Jenny!" he cried, his face lighting. "I was waiting by the telephone, because I thought you'd ring from London."

She crossed to him and kissed him. "Poor old Daddy," she said softly. "I'm back now, anyhow. I wish I'd never gone away."

Jennifer soon found that she had a full-time job ahead of her in Leicester. In the last fortnight of her mother's life the house had been in complete confusion, with a nurse living in; because of the extra work the domestic who came in each morning had given notice and left, and it had proved impossible to replace her.

The house was dirty and uncared for, and her mother's bedroom was still full of her clothes and personal belongings. On top of that her father was working fourteen hours a day and requiring meals at irregular hours, and every day at surgery hours Jennifer had to monitor innumerable patients who came for a prescription on the Health Service or a certificate exempting them from work.

Please turn to page 34

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Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

UNTIL she came to do the job herself, Jennifer had not realised how great a burden can be thrown upon a doctor's wife in the English system of State medicine without staff and buildings adapted for the crowds of patients.

The loss of his wife had made an enormous gap in her father's life. He was distracted and morose, so she tried to find new interests for him. They dined several times at a hotel and went to the pictures, but neither of them enjoyed these evenings very much. Morton wasn't greatly excited by the cinema, and both of them disliked the poorly cooked and standardised meals at the hotel.

However, Jennifer found that when her father managed to get to his club for a game of bridge before dinner he came back relaxed and cheerful, and she began managing the patients to contrive that he should get at least two of these evenings a week.

She came to look with some resentment at the surgery patients with their trivial requirements for free medicine and their endless papers to be signed. The bottom was reached, for her, when a man came for medicine and a certificate exempting him from work because he couldn't wake up in the morning.

Presently she extended these activities, and by disciplining the patients with a sarcastic tongue she managed to free her father for lunches of the Rotary Club, for dinners of the organisations he belonged to, and even for an occasional game of bowls as summer came on.

Patients began to shun this cynical, bad-tempered, red-haired girl who thought so little of their rights and said rude things about the forms that they brought to be signed by the doctor, and they began to transfer their allegiance and their capitulation fees to more accommodating practitioners, which Jennifer thought was a very good thing.

Jennifer had no close friends in Leicester, having worked in London for some years. The two or three girls with whom she had been friendly at school had married and gone away, and though she had a number of school acquaintances in the district she did not bother much with them.

She felt herself to be a transient in her own home town, and far more Australian than English in her outlook. Control that she had once accepted as the normal way of life now irritated her; it infuriated her when she neglected to order coal before the given date and so lost two months' ration of the precious stuff.

Studying to make meals more interesting for her father, she thought longingly of the claret that Jack Dorman bought in five-gallon stone jars for seven shillings a gallon, and of unlimited cream; the ration books perplexed her, and meat was a continual bad-tempered joke.

She did her best to conceal these feelings from her father; she had not come home to England to distress him by whining about a better country on the other side of the world. All his friends and all his interests were in Leicester, and her job was to make the best of it.

But she was not entirely successful in her efforts; Edward Morton was no fool, and as the grief at his wife's death abated he began to take more interest in his daughter. The frequent airmail letters that she never discussed with him showed that her interests were very far away, and the fact that most of them were in a continental handwriting intrigued him.

He was quite shrewd enough to realise that in the few weeks she had spent over there a man had come into her life. He set himself to draw her out one evening, sitting by the fire when

they had done the washing up. "What's it really like out in Australia, Jenny?" he inquired. "Is it very different from this? I don't mean physical things, like food and drink. What's it really like?"

She sat staring down at the socks she was darning.

"It's very like England in most ways," she said. "I don't know how to tell you what it's really like. It's like England, only better."

He sat digesting this for a minute or two. "Is it like Ethel Trehearne thought that it would be, like England was half a century ago?"

"Not really," she said slowly. "There aren't the servants and the social life that she was thinking of. All that's quite different. But out there you feel perhaps it may be rather like the England she was thinking of, essentially. If you do a good job you get a good life."

He filled and lit his pipe. "Meet any doctors out there?"

"I met one," she said. "Are there enough doctors to go round? Too many or too few?"

"Far too few, I think. That's in the country, where the Dorman lives. I don't know about the towns."

EDWARD MORTON sat in silence for a minute, thinking it over. "This doctor that you met—do you know what he charged a visit?"

"I don't know—he wasn't in practice." There was no harm in telling him, and it might make things easier between them than if she were to keep up an unnecessary concealment. "He was a D.P., a Czech doctor who's not on the register. He's the one who keeps writing to me."

"Oh. I wasn't trying to be nosy, Jenny."

"I know you weren't. I don't mind telling you about him."

"What's his name?"

"Carl Zlinter," she said. "They call him Splinter in the lumber camp. All D.P.'s have to work where they're directed for two years when they first come to Australia; he works at cutting down trees. He graduated at Prague, and then he was a surgeon in the German Army in the war."

Morton opened his eyes; this daughter of his had certainly wandered far from Leicester. "How did you meet him, Jenny?"

"There was an accident with a bulldozer in the forest," she said. "I was with Jack Dorman; we came along just after it had happened." She could smell the aromatic odors of the gum tree forest and feel the hot sunshine in her memory.

She stared into the fire, too small for coal economy to warm the room, and quite simply told her father all that had happened, right up to the inquest.

Her father was deeply interested. He asked a number of questions about the operations and the treatment, but refrained from more personal inquiries, and Jennifer did not take the story further than the medical side. All she said was, "Working with him like that kind of broke the ice. He writes to me still."

Her father smiled. "I imagine that you couldn't be too distant after getting yourselves into a scrape like that."

Jennifer's mother had been a nurse; his mind went back to the day when he had met her first, at St. Thomas', when he was a medical student; he had stepped back suddenly and made her drop a thermometer, which broke, and then he had to pacify the sister and explain that it was his fault.

Medicine was strong in Jennifer's family, but it was a pity that she had got mixed up

## The Far Country

Continued from page 33

with a foreigner who wasn't on the register. He changed the conversation to general subjects.

Jennifer kept up a correspondence with Jane Dorman, largely about Angela's coming visit to England; with some reluctance the Dorman had decided to let her go and take a job in the old country, provided that she had one to go to before leaving Australia, and they had booked a passage for her for the following January.

With her father's help, Jennifer finally got the promise of a job for her at St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington and put her down for a room in a hostel for young women in Marylebone; they were rewarded by an ecstatic letter from Angela and a steady flow of food parcels from Jane.

Tim Archer wrote rather a depressed letter about all this to Jennifer, who told him in reply that he had nothing much to worry about; in her opinion Paddington would probably cure Angela of her obsession in about two years, and what he had to do was to get himself a grazing property within that time.

From Jane she heard about her oil painting. Stanislaus Shulkin had painted a picture of the main street of Banbury in glowing sunset light, which Jane liked for its glorious colors and Jack Dorman liked for its exactitude.

It now hung in the kitchen of Leonora's homestead, and in planning the new house Jane was making a special place for it where she could see it as she sat before the fire.

"I don't know what he's done with the portrait he was doing of you," Jane wrote. "He told me that he couldn't finish it because you'd gone away, and anyway, he said it wasn't any good. I asked him once if I could see it because I never saw it at all, but he turned all arty and said that he never showed unfinished work to anyone. My own belief is that Splinter's got it, but I don't know that; perhaps you do."

Of Carl Zlinter she said, "We see him about once a month; he came here to tea on Sunday. Dr. Jennings wrote to the British Medical Association about getting him on the register in less than three years, and Carl has been to Melbourne

twice for interviews. He thinks he'll probably get some concession."

"He seems very anxious now to get on to the register and be allowed to practise in Victoria, but I don't know where the money's coming from to keep him while he studies. Jack told me to see if I could find out how he stood for money, and I tried to without asking the direct question, but he wasn't a bit receptive; apparently he can manage his affairs himself and it's much better if he can, but where the money's coming from I can't tell you."

"However, there it is, and he seems quite certain that he's going to be a doctor again; the only thing that seems to worry him is that it's going to be a long job and that he'll be as old before he's able to set up a home."

Carl Zlinter's letters contained few protestations of love; they were mostly factual accounts of what he had been doing, sometimes with touches of sly humor. At Jane had supposed, Jennifer knew all about her picture.

"I have your portrait hanging in my hut in the Howqua," he wrote, "and because I go there regularly, even in the bad weather, I see you every week-end. Last Saturday there were three inches of snow. Jock McDougall's paddock had plenty of dry wood in the hut and we soon had a big fire going. Harry Peters was with me, the bulldozer driver who had the head injury that we operated on."

"He is quite recovered now and is back on the job driving a truck, but I do not think he will be able to drive a bulldozer again safely. He does not want to; he wants to go to Melbourne and study metallurgy and get a job in a steel works, and I think he will be doing this before very long. In the meantime, he comes out with me each week to Howqua."

Jennifer wondered what earth they found to do in the Howqua valley in the snow. He had told her in a previous letter that the fishing season was over. Perhaps they worked upon the furnishing and details of the hut...

"I had a great deal of trouble with Stan Shulkin over my picture, because he did not want to give it to me. However, I got it from him by promising to pay him when I became qualified as a doctor."

Please turn to page 37

## The Family Scrapbook

BY DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

AS far as his parents could tell, five-year-old Tony Crittenden had only one fear. That was of policemen. Tony had been with his dad when Mr. Crittenden had been stopped and reprimanded for driving too fast. Somehow or other the experience had been a very frightening one for Tony.

Whenever they saw a policeman, Tony became very quiet. He wouldn't talk to him or even talk about him. The Crittendens were worried.

So one day Tony's father took him to the nearby crossroads to watch the policeman on point duty when the local schoolchildren came out.

Tony watched the constable stop the traffic for the children and chat to them as they crossed the road. Then Tony and his father crossed over and talked to him on the way.

Now Tony has an entirely



"Hi, Pal."

different idea of policemen. They're his favorite people. It's good not to let a fear like this go unchecked. First hand, satisfying experience with the persons or things that have caused the fright will usually take care of the matter.

(All names are fictitious.)



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★ Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs.



CF 52-1

A doctor writes about . . .

## Some of my patients Diagnosing toxic goitre T.B. in young women

"I WOULD like to make an appointment for my wife," said Mr. McLeod a few days ago. "She could come along in your ordinary hours, but lately she has been so difficult and impatient that I think it would be better if you fixed a time to see her so that she does not have to wait."

I readily consented, because I prefer to know in advance if a visit will be a long one.

I had not seen Mrs. McLeod since her marriage, but I have attended her family for many years.

She was a charming, vivacious girl, but even when she was young she was of a very nervous disposition and I had wondered then how life would treat her.

As she walked into my surgery to-night I knew she was really ill. She had become very thin, her eyes were staring, and she had a swelling in the neck.

Before I questioned her or examined her more closely I could tell she was suffering from thyrotoxicosis, often known as toxic goitre.

As the interview proceeded I found she had all the symptoms of this condition.

She had been very cranky at home; despite a good appetite, she had lost weight, and even on the coldest of days did have to wear extra clothes.

Her pulse was rapid, her hands were hot and sweaty, and when she held them out in front of her there was a very fine tremor of her fingers. The other points all fitted in.

"You are suffering from thyrotoxicosis," I said to her. "What does that mean, doctor?" she said.

"It is a big word, but really self-explanatory, Mrs. McLeod," I told her. "Normally, the thyroid gland in your neck controls the rate at which your tissues live.

"In your case, the gland is

secreting so much hormone that your tissues can't stand the pace.

"We are going to have a test done on you to determine how over-active your thyroid is, and then tests done later will show how you are responding to treatment."

"Will I need an operation, doctor?"

"I was just coming to that, Mrs. McLeod," I said, "and the answer is, 'probably not.' As recently as ten years ago an operation to remove a large amount of the over-active gland tissue was our answer to this condition.

"Now, however, we have some drugs related to a chemical called thiouracil which interfere with the manufacture of the thyroid hormone and, by regulating its dose, we can bring you back to normal."

"So just these tablets will fix me up, doctor?"

"Well, that is not the whole story. Your condition is related also to anxiety and nervousness.

"For the first few weeks it would be better if you could go into hospital, but if we cannot arrange that you must have complete rest at home, both of body and mind, and eat all you can and then still more.

"After that you must avoid anxiety and worry for a period of about a year, by which time we hope to have you cured."

It is reported that Dr. Bell, of Edinburgh, whose great deductive ability Conan Doyle had in mind when he created Sherlock Holmes, diagnosed it in a woman by the tinkling of the sequins on her frock caused by her very fine tremor.

Frequently the diagnosis does not leap to the eye. In older people it often takes the

All names used are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

form of a quiet poisoning of the heart muscle over a period of years, and this generally requires surgery to cure.

WHEN Jane Davis came into the surgery last week she looked pale and tired.

"I think I am going to have a baby, doctor, and I want a tonic so that I can keep on working—I'm so tired—"

"Then why are you working at all, Jane?"

"We have a piece of land and want to build, but it is much more expensive than we expected," she said.

When I had examined her, and taken her temperature, I told her gently that she was mistaken about being pregnant.

"You have a slight temperature," I told her, "but I cannot hear anything wrong in your chest. However, you must be X-rayed."

"But I have no cough, doctor, and none of us have weak chests!"

"You must be X-rayed just the same," I insisted.

Her husband came with her to-day and I had the difficult task of telling them that the X-ray had revealed tuberculosis and that she must go to bed.

"Oh, dear, whatever shall I do?" she moaned.

"Go to bed and stay there, Jane; it is the most and the least you can do to get completely well," I told her.

Rest and a good varied diet are still the mainstays in the treatment of tuberculosis.

However, it would appear that some of our new drugs are effective now, particularly in acute cases.

Tuberculosis is THE disease of young women. In New South Wales alone one thousand people die of it every year, yet if found early most cases can be cured.

Every young woman should have her chest X-rayed at intervals.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

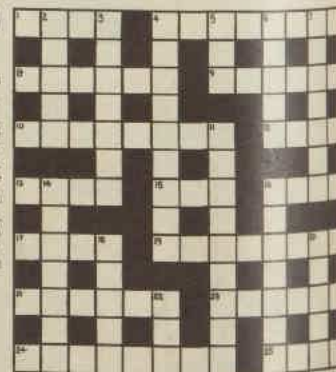
### ACROSS

- Kitchen utensil which break with sharp crack when turned (4).
- Recantation of friend in a poem (8).
- East Indian sailor in the French wound mark (6).
- Between fish and joint you have the right of admission (6).
- Wife's cure, but it's a dog in Hades. (Anag. 8.)
- Room in the mode (4).
- Trade centre to be seen in tram (4).
- Turn the stuffing for a house of hair (3).
- Words of an actor in a trap (4).
- Tail of a rabbit partly cut (4).
- This Eastern people shows tan, a sure solution if in order (8).
- Thousand in a scattered tribe in the wood (6).
- Pictures could tell I am sage (6).
- Very sounding like an order to beseech Dickens' Barnaby (8).
- Mixed Yankee food in a seat (4).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.



### DOWN

- Deduct from a best scattered (5).
- Flag out an old musical instrument (7).
- Come bird is not the whole mountain range (5).
- Capitalized fish on the sheltered side (3).
- Famous shown to end (5).
- Red mare can be visionary (7).
- Pin refuse (Anag. 9).
- Outsider as belonging to a scrivener (7).
- Father's wise man in transit (7).
- Small flap or small dream (3).
- Who acts for others in reality a gentleman (5).
- Stick 18½ feet long (3).



**Z**INTNER told Jennifer very little about his registration with the Medical Registration Board; throughout his letters there was a calm assurance that he would be a doctor again, but he had no definite ideas on how long it would take.

Once he said, "I am going to Melbourne again next week to get the M.R.B., and I think it may be easier to get into a hospital in England than in Melbourne, because the Melbourne hospitals are very full of Australian students. I am thinking of looking a passage to England, because it may take a long time to get a passage, and they will give back the money if you do not go."

Apparently he was not short of money, and this puzzled Jennifer a good deal.

In September she got a letter that thrilled her and informed her at the same time.

"It has been arranged for me here," he wrote, "that I can study for the English medical degree at Guy's Hospital, in London, because there is no room in the Melbourne hospital. I do not know how long it will be necessary for me to study and I do not think that they will tell me till I get there."

"I have passed two examinations in Melbourne since you left for England, and these results are good in London; you see, I have been working very hard in the evenings at Lamirra and at Howqua learning again in English all the text-book medicine I learned and forgot when I was a young man."

"So now I must come to England. There is a ship that is now loading sugar at Townsville, in Queensland, and I may be able to take a job on her as steward. I may have to pay for the passage, and if that is needed I will pay, but I have not got very much money, so if I can work I would like it."

"I am leaving Lamirra at the end of this week to go by train to Townsville, which I think will take three days. I am sorry to leave this place. I like this country very much, and when I am qualified to work as a doctor I would like much to come back to Banbury and work with Dr. Jennifer if he has still no other doctor to help him."

"I am bringing your picture with me in a packing-case. I have asked Billy Slim to look after my hat at Howqua so it will be there for me to have when I can come back to this country. And there for you also, I hope."

"I do not think that it will be possible for you to write to me again because I do not know when my ship will start or when I shall come to England. I will write to you to tell you these things as quickly as I know them, and I will come to Leicester to see you very soon."

Jennifer read this letter over and over again in the privacy of her bedroom. She could not possibly keep the news to herself. At dinner that night she said as casually as she could manage, "Carl Zintner's coming to England, Daddy. He's going to be a doctor."

He noted her shining eyes

and her faint color, and he was glad for this daughter of his, whatever changes there might be in store for him. "That's interesting," he said, equally casually. "How did he manage that?"

She told him, if not all about it, as much as she thought good for him to know.

"What's he going to do when he's qualified? Practise in England?" her father asked.

She shook her head. "I shouldn't think so. He wants to go back to Australia and practise at Banbury."

He was about to ask her if she would like to go back to Australia herself, but he stopped. If she were free of her responsibility to himself she would never have come back to England; if this chap Zintner was to ask her to marry him and go back with him to Australia, he could not possibly stand in her way.

For the first time the thought of going to Australia came into his mind as a serious possibility. Leicester without his wife was not the place it once had been for him. In Australia he might do a little work, perhaps, and earn a little money, and so be able to come back to Eng-

## The Far Country

Continued from page 34

hers, perhaps looking for the doctor's plate upon the door. He was a tall man, rather thin, dressed in a foreign soft felt hat and in a shabby raincoat.

She cried, "Carl!" and ran joyously towards him. He said "Jenny!" and took both her hands. She dropped the parcel and something in it cracked as it fell; it lay unheeded at their feet as he kissed her. She said presently, "Oh, Carl! When did you get to England?"

He held her close. "We arrived on Tuesday," he said. "I have found a room to live in, in Bloomsbury, and I have been to the hospital yesterday, and I am to start working on Monday. I do not know how long it is that I shall have to work, but I think that it will be for one and a half years."

She said, "Oh, Carl—that's splendid! What are you doing now? Have you come for the week-end?"

He said, a little diffidently, "I do not know if it would be convenient if I should stay. I have brought a bag, but I have left it at the station in the cloak-room. Perhaps I could

you get your own meal, do you think?"

He smiled at her excitement, his concern over the parcel half forgotten. "That's all right," he said.

She whisked out of the room, and the front door slammed behind her. She left her father unpacking the parcel and smiling thoughtfully; changes were coming to him again, whether he liked it or not.

Jennifer joined Zintner underneath the street lamp. "I know a little place where we can get a meal," she said. "Not like we'd have got in Australia, of course, but good for here. It's quiet, and we can talk."

She took his arm and they went off together down the street, walking very close to each other. She took him to a cafe near the station, a shabby place, but reasonably warm, and cheap; she knew that he was short of money, but that he would never let her pay for her own meal. They ordered fish pie and cabbage, with apple- and custard to follow. And then they settled down, and talked, and talked.

They sat so long over their meal that the bored waitress began turning out the lights. Jennifer said, "We'll have to go, Carl."

He paid the bill, and helped her into her coat. He said, "Shall we go back to the station and get my bag and take it to your house?"

"It's too early," she thought for a moment. "There's a little picture theatre, Carl," she said. "The house'll be half empty. If we go in there we can talk quietly, at the back of the circle."

They went there, and sat in the warmth of the circle, very close together, paying no attention whatsoever to the screen.

"Tell me one thing, Carl," she said, "what are you doing about money? You told me once that you wouldn't be able to get to be a doctor again because you'd never have enough money. Are things very difficult?"

He pressed her hand between his own. "I must be very careful," he said. "I have now about one thousand one hundred pounds, and on that I must live till I am qualified. Then I shall ask if you will marry me, and by that time I shall be quite broke."

"We'll manage somehow, Carl," he said, smiling.

He fished in an inside pocket and pulled out a little object. He put it in her hand. "It is for you," he said, "one day. Perhaps not yet."

She held it up to the reflected light from the technicolor scene; it was a ring formed heavily of reddish gold with curious, cable-like markings around it. "Oh, Carl!" she said, "is this a wedding ring?"

"You go too quickly," he said. "It is an engagement ring, but it is not for you just yet. Not till I have met your father and he has said that he agrees."

Please turn to page 39

### NEW SERIAL BY LEADING MYSTERY WRITER

WE are pleased to announce as next week's new serial "They Do It With Mirrors," latest novel by leading mystery-writer Agatha Christie.

What was wrong at Stonygates? What danger threatened gentle, beloved Carrie Louise? What was Miss Marple supposed to discover?

These intriguing questions plunge the reader straight into a fascinating mystery, well up to the best standards of this author, who naturally needs no introduction.

Don't miss the opening instalment in next week's issue.

land every year or two to see his friends.

Jennifer heard from Carl a week later that he was sailing in about three days' time.

"They will not take me as steward," he wrote, "and I shall have to pay for the journey, which is a very bad thing, but I shall have time to work; I have brought many medical books with me to read upon the journey."

She heard nothing more until she got an airmail letter from Port Said nearly a month later. His ship had called for fuel at Colombo.

"We do not go very fast," he said, "but I think we shall arrive in London in about another fortnight, and I must then find a place cheap to live near to the hospital. As soon as it is possible I will come to Leicester, but I cannot say what day that will be."

He came to her one Friday evening at the end of November. She had walked down to the chemist to pick up a parcel for her father; it was a fine, starry night with a cold wind that made her walk quickly. She was fighting her way back, head down against a freezing wind in the suburban street.

She raised her head as she got near the house and saw a man peering at the houses in the half light of the street lamps, trying to read the num-

take a room at the hotel and see you again to-morrow."

"Of course not, Carl. We've got a spare room here—I'll make up the bed. That's where we live," she said, nodding at the house. "Daddy's in there now—he wants to meet you." She stood in his arms, thinking, for a moment.

"We've got such a lot to talk about," she said. "Daddy's got a meeting of the committee of the Bowls Club in our house to-night. Don't let's get mixed up in that. Would you mind if we go out and have a meal, some place where we can talk? They finish about nine o'clock generally. We can come back then—and you can meet Daddy."

He smiled down at her. "Of course," he said. "Whatever you say is good for me."

"Wait here just a minute." She vanished into the house. In the dining-room her father was laying out the table with paper and pencils for the meeting.

She came to him flushed and bright-eyed.

"Daddy," she said, "I got this parcel, and I dropped it and heard it crack. I believe I've bust whatever's in it. Carl Zintner's here. I'm going out to dinner with him now, and we'll be back when this committee meeting's over. Could

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PAGE 20

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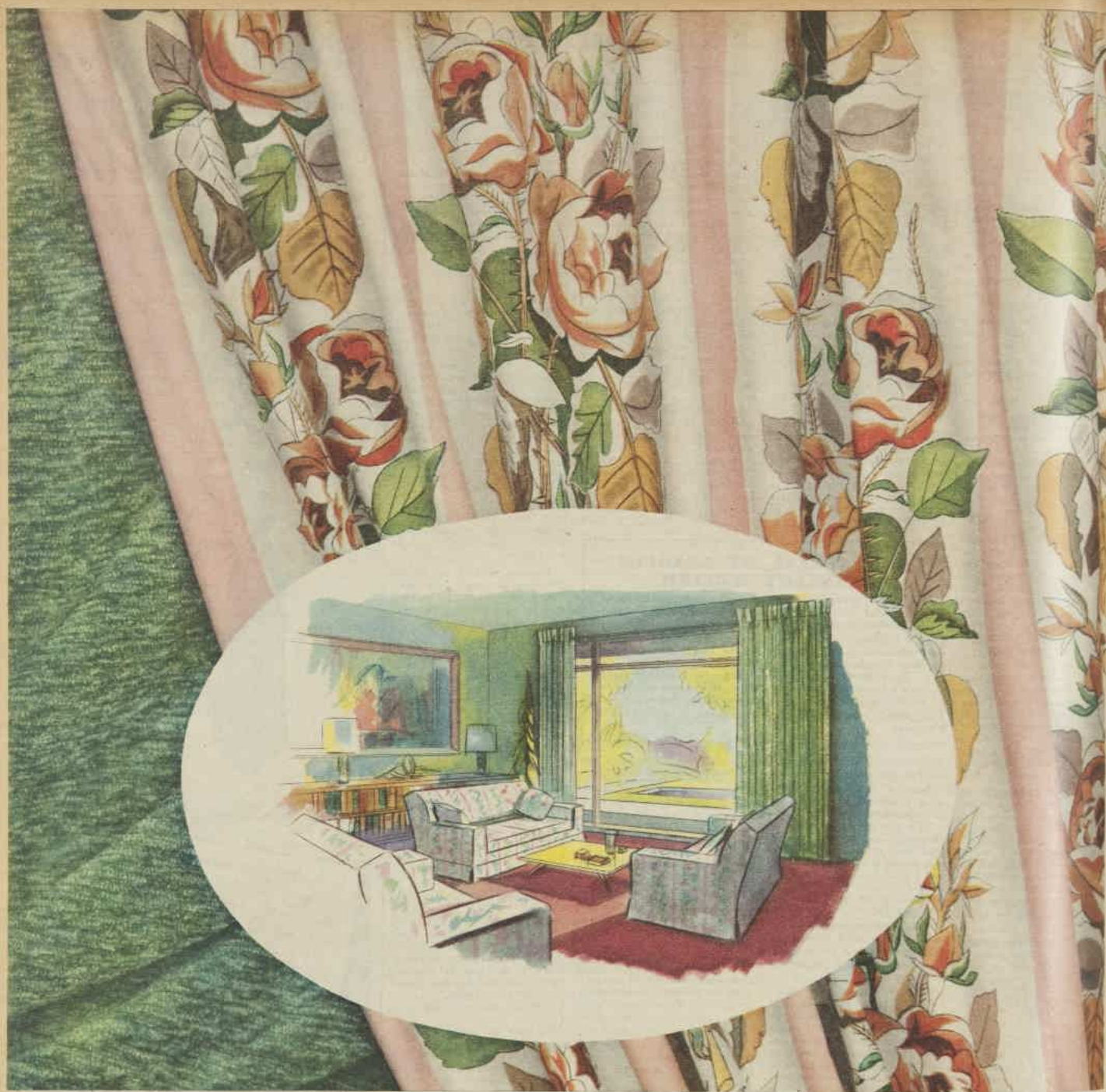
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 17, 1952

## The Far Country

Continued from page 37

tions from the river down below, and the brilliance of the garraio in the woods.

"Of course I do," she said.

"Was the box under that?"

"It was under the stone," he said.

"I found it only one week after you were gone to England, but I did not dare to say that in a letter. I think if it was known I had found gold it would be taken by the police, perhaps in England also, so you must not talk about it. I think that it is better that I use it to become a doctor."

"I won't say a word, Carl. How much gold was there?"

"There were fifty-two coins of one pound," he told her.

"Sovereigns, they are called. Also, there was just over five pounds in weight of washed river gold, the gold dust that they find in the river beds. Billy Slim told me that in Howqua this gold dust was used for money. The hotel would take it for payment, and they had little scales in the bar to weigh the gold with, how much it was worth."

"Was he a relation of yours, Carl? Were there any papers to say who he was?"

He shook his head. "I do not know. The water had been lying in the hole beneath the stone, and the box was eaten away with rust. There had been papers once, but nothing was left, nothing that I could read. I do not think we shall ever know who Charlie Zinter was."

"You must have had a job lifting that stone, Carl. Did you have anyone to help you?"

He shook his head. "I was quite alone." He hesitated.

"I might have had Billy Slim to help," he said. "It was lucky. It was the first time that I had been there since we said good-bye, and I was sad, and I went there to work very hard, because it is good to work very hard when everything seems bad."

She pressed his hand.

"I had the timber for the house, and I borrowed Billy's crowbar, and I levered up each corner of the stone and put underneath a wedge of wood. It took nearly all the day to move it four feet back and make the new place for it, and when it was moved away from the old hole I saw the box."

She asked him, "What did you do when you saw it, Carl? Were you terribly excited?"

He said quietly, "I was very sad that we had not found it together. I was not at all excited."

She put her face up impulsively, and he leaned forward in the half light and kissed her. Presently she said, "What do

you do with gold dust when you've got it, Carl? If you can't tell anybody about it?"

He smiled down at her. "There are several things that you can do with gold dust," he told her, "but they are all very wicked and if you are discovered you will go to prison. One way is to build a little hut in the middle of the woods where nobody would ever think to go."

"Like the Howqua," she laughed softly.

"It could be like the Howqua," he agreed. "And you must have a friend, a good friend who thinks he has a debt to you, who understands metal-lurgy and how metals can be melted."

"Like Harry Peters," she observed. "I wondered why on earth you took him to the Howqua."

"It could be like Harry Peters," he agreed. "But there is a better way, that I discovered very soon. You wait till a ship from India, with an Indian captain, comes to Melbourne. You go then to the captain and you say, 'Can I sell you my gold?' In Bombay he can get thirty pounds for each ounce."

"And that's where the eleven hundred pounds came from?"

He nodded quietly.

They sat on talking till half-past nine. Then Jennifer stirred and said, "Let's go home, Carl. That meeting must be over now and Daddy will be waiting for us. We'll go round by the station and pick up your bag. Is it heavy to carry?"

He shook his head. "It is only for the night. I have not many clothes in any case. I must now buy some, but they must be cheap."

She took his arm and they went out into the street; in the darkness the freezing wind hit them with a blast. She felt his sleeve, and said, "Is this the thickest coat you've got, Carl?"

"I must get a thicker one," he said. "I had not thought that England would be cold like this. It is as cold as Germany."

They bent against the wind and walked quickly, arm in arm, to the London Road station. "Will you tell me one thing truthfully, Carl?"

"If I know the answer, Jenny," he said.

"Did you really have to come to England, Carl, to do your medical training? Couldn't you have done it in Australia?"

He looked down at her, smiling. "What questions you do ask!"

"You said you'd tell me."

"I could have done it in Australia," he said. "They grew so tired of seeing me in the office that at last they would have given me whatever I should want. I came to England because I wanted to find you again."

They turned into the bleak, shabby, covered cabway of the railway station, dimly lit for gas economy.

"That's what I thought," she said. "It was very sweet of you to do that, Carl. To give up everything Australia has to offer and come back to Europe—after getting away once."

She looked around her at the stained and dirty brickwork, at the antiquated building, at the wet streets in the blustering, windy night.

He laughed at her gently. "Australia is cold and wet in the winter," he said, "and there are dirty railway stations in Australia, too, and dirty streets."

They walked to the cloak-room and he handed in the ticket; they stood waiting while the porter went to fetch his bag.

"Carl," she said, "your hut up in the Howqua—that'll be all right, will it?" She looked up at him half fearful. "You don't think it's like the other Charlie Zinter's hut, with a door swinging open and a green loaf in the cupboard, and a possum or a rat nesting in the bed?"

He pressed her arm.

"I also thought of that," he said. "I left everything there very clean, with no bedclothes or cloths at all. Billy Slim is to go there once each week and light a fire and open all the windows, and he has money for repairs, also. It will be there clean and waiting for us when we can get back to it, when we can get away from Europe for a second time."

"We'll get back to it, all right," she said. "Someday, somehow, we'll get back there again."

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THE ONE FAST CLEANSER THAT hasn't scratched yet!

Beauty in brief:

**For shiny skin**

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Instead of powdering over shiny old make-up, blot your face with a tissue and the oily highlight is gone. This is the superficial part of the oily complexion story.

COARSE pores usually accompany an oily skin. There are several ways of dealing with this basic condition and at the same time counteracting oiliness.

Expert electric or finger massage will probably do it effectively, but the method most readily available to most of us is an astringent-type mask which may be used a couple of times weekly.

Shop for or make a mask that feels as though it is tightening the skin, for in this way the circulation is stirred up and surface pores contract.

A good astringent skin-lotion may also be used regularly after using a light, non-greasy cleanser.

How about face washing? For oily skin with coarse pores the more washing the better. The cloth may be roughish, but not rough enough to irritate.



## MRS. WOOD-

STOCK continued: "That's the only reason why I've not allowed her to enjoy, as she longs to, the company of you gentlemen. You follow me? My life would be made a hell if I did, and she would probably be put in irons and on a ration of water and biscuits."

"The man's a fiend," said Mr. Hibley.

"I must differ from you there, Mr. Hibley, but only, may I add, because he is my captain. The child, after her terrific ordeal, is simply pining for congenial company. She lives, of course, in constant terror of the gaol to which she will be sent."

"Gaal?"

"The captain in my presence told her that was where she would find herself the day we berthed. And it will mean a long sentence. You'll believe me, I know, when I say she'd do almost anything to avoid that."

"And rightly," said Mr. Hibley, wagging his head in smooth approval. "Why not?"

"I agree. And there is a way out."

"A way?"

"Imagine how grateful she would be if that way could be opened to her," suggested Mrs. Woodstock, smiling down from her Olympian height.

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Hibley understandingly.

"You see, at present she is the captain's slave and I am her taskmaster. But suppose her passage were paid for her? Then she would be as free as anyone else."

"Why, suffering cats," said Mr. Hibley, moistening his lips and reaching with a kind of reflex action for his wallet, "what a wonder we never thought of that! I'd be most happy."

Mrs. Woodstock raised a warning finger. "No," she said. "It's sweet of you,

## Poor Kid

Continued from page 9

but you cannot do this alone. The captain would not agree—he is prudish and suspicious and would misconstrue your noble motives. On the other hand, if a whip round were arranged among all the passengers and the fare raised he could have no objection."

"Stewardess," said Mr. Hibley, "I take back everything I've said about you, which is quite a lot to do. You won't forget to make it appear to Miss Fay that this proposal came spontaneously from me, will you?"

"Certainly not, dear Mr. Hibley," said Mrs. Woodstock, tucking the note into the front of her uniform.

"And how much is this fare, dear Mrs. Woodstock?"

"If you're sure it can be arranged, I'll go up and find out from the captain straight away."

"Consider it done, Mrs. Woodstock," said Mr. Hibley. "They'll be only too glad, and I guarantee whatever the amount may be."

Mrs. Woodstock thanked him quite warmly and hurried off to see the captain, while Mr. Hibley, rubbing his hands, departed to break the news to his fellow-passengers. He was deeply grateful to Mrs. Woodstock. It appealed to his business sense to spread the cost and get most of the credit.

"Oh, captain," boomed Mrs. Woodstock, "I've splendid news for you."

The captain tried to look cheered, but, though he appreciated Mrs. Woodstock's services, her company still proved rather intimidating.

"Really?" he said, shrinking a little as if in fear of a blow.

"Really! There's simply not enough work to occupy Miss Fay and me, but I've a won-

derful solution of the difficult situation. You know how sentimental passengers are—particularly male passengers on a dull voyage?"

"I do," said the captain, looking alarmed. He wouldn't have put any suggestion past a woman who looked as forbidding as Mrs. Woodstock.

"Wouldn't it be grand if Miss Fay could become a proper passenger with her fare paid and all? Wouldn't that save you ever so much bother in all directions?"

"It would, Mrs. Woodstock, but we know she hasn't got a penny."

"She hasn't, but the men passengers have and they're prepared to put up the necessary."

The captain looked relieved and at the same time apprehensive. "Sounds too good to be true. What do they expect to get out of this?"

"Some of them," said Mrs. Woodstock with a gleam in her eye, "are kind and honorable gentlemen, but there are a couple—"

"—of whom I'm not so sure."

"Exactly," said the captain, quailing beneath her eye. "And we're in a way responsible for the girl. She seems quite a good youngster, poor kid—willing and well behaved and so on."

"She is," said Mrs. Woodstock emphatically. "But I think I see a way out." And like the loyal member of his crew she was, she told her commanding officer.

"Mrs. Woodstock, go right ahead," said Captain Paterson presently. "Shoot! I didn't think you had it in you. Get the fare out of them and do just as you've suggested. You are a dear, Mrs. Woodstock."

That was the second time in an hour the stewardess of the Cosmos had been told she was

a dear. A change. It gratified her, naturally. She was all smiles.

When she had gone, Captain Paterson remarked to the photograph of his wife on the bulkhead: "Well, Tootles, it goes to show one shouldn't judge by appearances. Fancy that giantess being a friend in need to all the world."

Mr. Hibley was equally pleased with Mrs. Woodstock. No trouble at all about raising the money. A few rounds of jackpots had done that. Mrs. Woodstock took the proceeds to the captain, and poor little Ellaline Fay was raised from the lowly status of discovered stowaway and drudge to the plane of a fully fledged passenger.

**B**UT Fate deals strangely with mortals, particularly on the high seas. No sooner had this happy elevation taken place than Ellaline was stricken with acute appendicitis. The captain visited her and emerged with a grave face. She had a temperature and all the symptoms. He told the men gathered in the saloon. Poor kid! He asked for as much quiet as possible. He took them into his confidence to the extent of admitting that if they got in touch at a reasonable range with a ship carrying a surgeon it might be necessary to transfer her. Perhaps not. He hoped to be able to land her in England. In the meantime she must see no one other than Mrs. Woodstock, who was a nurse and a most efficient and reliable woman.

They lowered their voices and their spirits drooped also. Bad luck. Seemed to be a hoodoo on the ship.

"Now isn't that just too bad," said Oakenshaw. "And after us doing all we could so



"Whatever you're been doing, do the opposite."

that she'd have a swell time."

And the Cosmos plugged on, and they called for drinks, and good old Briggs remembered another funny story, though they hushed their laughter, having, as it were, a keen interest in Miss Fay though they would probably never see her again. Poor kid.

That night, snug in the lower berth, the door locked, Mrs. Woodstock held her cabin companion close in her powerful arms.

"Darling," she said, "it's all worked like a watch."

"Darling!"

"And all your doing," sighed Mrs. Woodstock happily. "I may have the strength, sweetheart, but you have the brains. Oh, my precious, I'm so proud of you."

"And I of you, love."

"Me?" said Mrs. Woodstock. "I'm just bone and brawn. What's that worth? Any woman might be that way. But it's the grey matter that counts, my precious, and you've got that. If I'd picked up that Fay girl's passport I'd probably simply have handed it to the police."

"I certainly would never have seen what a glorious opportunity it was for us to make good use of my chance to work my passage and have you with me, even though you had to suffer at first down in

that awful hold, you poor kid!"

"I'd the box of eyes Aaronson forgot. They helped. Though the rats were tough. But I think looking after these scawky women has been toughest of all. Still, we're together, and that's all that really matters."

"Oh, you're wonderful! Amelia exerted her great strength in a bear's hug."

"And so are you. We were made for each other. We're the perfect pair, you and I!"

"Perfect," cooed Amelia in a deep note like a bell. "And so, after all our trouble, we come sailing home safe in each other's arms, in spite of the fact that you hadn't a chance of working your passage as a great big brutal sailor. Much isn't everything, petkins."

They were so happy together. Too bad if they had had to be parted. Even d'Arcy, the world's Finest Female Impersonator, and his wife, Amelia Woodstock, the Woman Hercules, are known as the happiest married couple in the show business. They should never have gone East with Aaronson's Variety Act. They'd enough experience to foresee that Aaronson would leave them stranded in a hell town like Singapore, far from home and without a cent. But love will always find a way.

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IN some terrible way since he had arrived here he had lost his anger. It was a comfortable, comforting room. He wanted just to sit here. For the first time since he had got back he had a feeling of hope.

She smiled at him. "I've heard so much about you, it seems awfully queer to see you at last."

"Same here," I've got to do it now, Richard thought, getting up and walking up and down. "Elisabeth, I came here to be disagreeable," he said, frowning and not looking at her.

She lifted her head and looked him straight in the eyes. "Does Sandy know you've come?"

"No, I came on an impulse. Until to-night I hadn't seen Sandy for six years, nearly." Richard leaned forward, for now he found his anger again and it gave him eloquence. "I wasn't prepared for the shock. Sandy of Cambridge was reckoned among the most brilliant men of his year, really brilliant, really outstanding. To-night he looked middle-aged, defeated."

"Sandy's life is not exactly a bed of roses," Elisabeth said gently. "It's not fair to sound as if he'd failed."

"Just taking things as they come, just accepting them, isn't enough," Richard said harshly. "Don't you see, that man has such wisdom that he might have revolutionised the law. As it is, he's lost his fit, his belief."

"You can skip the preliminaries," Elisabeth said acidly. "Just what have I got to do with all this? Are you accusing Sandy, or me, or Phoebe, or life, or what?"

"If you love him, I'm accusing you."

"And if I don't—if I can't," she said with a slight catch in her breath.

"I guess I'm accusing you, too," Richard laughed.

"So I'm wrong either way," Elisabeth got up and stood at the fireplace. "What do you use for a heart, Richard?" she asked gravely.

"I don't understand."

"No, I don't think you do. I don't believe you've ever imagined what it is to be a woman. Will you, can you try to look at it from my point of view for a moment? I don't know why I want to explain myself to you. Look, Sandy met me at a party four years ago. I let him take me home. I think I was really in love with him that night. I needn't tell you what a grand person he is, how much he gives. He looked at the paintings and he said—she hesitated—"he said he made him feel how terribly lonely people are."

"I was married when I was very young, but it was a lonely marriage, and I suppose it has made me wary of ever imagining again that love is the answer."

"But for Sandy it was, it was the answer. I know it," Richard said passionately. "Don't you see how completely frustrated he's been in every direction? What he needed was warmth, good, simple love, someone to hold in his arms without question."

"I'm too old for romantic love and that's all Sandy had to offer. If we could have married, lived together really, not just watched an hour here or there, I might have fallen

## Love Has No Price

Continued from page 3

in love with him. As it was, I suppose I lacked courage. But I just couldn't. I suppose I liked him too well. I couldn't face a sordid little affair.

"What should I have done turned him away? Refused to see him? But we are so fond of each other it would have been awfully hard for both of us," she said.

"I don't know. I don't know why life should be so cruel," Richard groaned.

He wasn't prepared for her sudden chuckle. "Well, you sound almost human for a change. Have you never been up against a human situation without a possible good solution?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I never have. Women have never meant a great deal to me. Perhaps I'm not very human."

"Perhaps you've been too busy," Elisabeth mocked gently. "Real love takes rather a lot of time—and thought, too."

### What type is your man?

THE shape of your boy friend or husband shapes his life.

The extreme fat man is a great one for parties.

The extreme muscle man loves physical exercise, speed, and power over other people.

The extreme nervous type is round-shouldered.

Dr. W. H. Sheldon, of Columbia University, U.S.A., says that every one fits into these three groups.

Read how you can size people up in an article in A.M. for September. It's on sale now.

"Yes," he said, wincing at the truth. But part of him was still saying her name as if it were the key to his whole life—Elisabeth, Elisabeth.

When the full realisation of what was happening to him reached his mind in a blaze of terrible light, he stood up rather violently and said, "I have to go now, Elisabeth."

"Good heavens, how sudden," she said, dismayed. "I'm afraid I've disappointed you, Richard. I'm sorry. But I'm glad you came. It's been a help to talk—even if there is no solution. Do you think I should go away, move away from London?" she asked, terribly anxious. "I don't want to be destructive. Please believe that."

"I believe you," Richard said gravely. "I believe every word you say. Oh, Elisabeth." It tore through him now that he must go and never come back. "Elisabeth," and almost without his will one of his hands discovered the outline of her face, very gently touched the bones of her cheek and her chin as they stood a few inches from each other in an immense silence. Then he ran out of the house without saying good-bye, like a criminal.

The next days were nothing but a struggle not to telephone her, not to go and see her. He went to the pictures every night, and those hours, when the brilliant image of a brown dress, of a

narrow young face, of dark, wide-open eyes was blotted out by large foolish faces on the screen, were his only hours of peace. It was a relief when Sandy rang up and came over to the hotel for a drink five days later. Perhaps he would talk of Elisabeth; Richard was so hungry for the sound of her name, to say it, to hear it said by someone else.

"Well, old man, how's life treating you?" he said, though he knew at once that now he could never see Sandy without this pain in his heart.

"Pretty well. Phoebe's home for Christmas. She seems a little better."

For once Richard couldn't think of anything to say.

"Elisabeth"—he stopped there, for he couldn't for the life of him think of what to say next. The name lay between them.

"Yes," Sandy said, looking off into the distance, "Elisabeth. She told me you had called. I was surprised."

"You never told me what she was like," Richard said accusingly.

"Well, apparently you found out."

"She's honest," Richard said.

"I suppose you haven't known very many honest women," Sandy said.

"What's up, Sandy?" Richard asked.

"Nothing. Nothing. Only I wouldn't have done it."

"Done what, for goodness' sake?" Richard was angry now.

"Elisabeth liked you very much," Sandy said stiffly.

"Listen, Sandy, I went to tell her what a mess she was making of your life."

"It wasn't exactly your business, was it?" Sandy asked, and now Richard knew that he was really angry and really hurt. "And, besides, let's not fool ourselves. You may have gone there with the best intentions, but you certainly behaved like a cad."

"Just what did Elisabeth say?" Richard asked.

"Oh, she didn't say very much; she asked a lot of questions about you. But Elisabeth and I are in very close sympathy, Richard. I know her pretty well. I felt what had happened and when I confronted her with it—well, you just said she is honest."

"Nothing happened," Richard said shortly.

"I thought you were capable of facing things, Richard," Sandy said quietly.

"I am facing it, can't you see? If I weren't facing it I would have gone back there every day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday," he hammered out the days of his struggle.

"Then you admit it," Sandy said inexorably.

"Are you cross-examining me, or what?" Richard asked. "As far as I can see, life's a horrible mess and there's nothing we can do about it."

"You could marry Elisabeth," Sandy said very quietly.

"Our friendship means more to me than any woman, Sandy," Richard said, though he had reacted to Sandy's last statement as to a slap in the face. Why not marry her? Why should her life be wrecked and his own as well as Sandy's?

Please turn to page 42

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AND now, when for the first time in his life he had some intimation of what it might be to deeply and truly in love, when the whole inner world was opening inside him, he had to stifle it.

"I'm terribly sorry, Sandy," he said awkwardly. "It shouldn't have happened."

"All this has made me think a lot about things I'd taken for granted," Sandy said slowly. "I've been feeling rather guilty myself, to be quite frank with you, Richard. You see, I did talk rather too much about the wall I was up against in Elisabeth—and when this happened, when I realised the threat you might become—perhaps already are—I saw how very little all that matters compared to what we have, she and I. I don't expect you can understand what I'm talking about," he said with a flash of his old teasing smile. "You don't know much about love, do you, Richard?"

"That's what everyone tells me these days. But I've always been able to find pretty much what I wanted," he said, also in his old jaunty tone.

"And fast," Sandy said cruelly. "But this thing between Elisabeth and me has grown a lot. It hasn't been easy, you know."

"But neither of you is happy, Sandy."

"Did she tell you that?" Sandy winced.

"No. It jumps out of everything she paints, though. What's the answer, Sandy?"

Sandy took a long drink. He was deeply agitated. "It's a terrible thing to live a lie. I've been lying to Phoebe for years. I sometimes think it's poisoned everything, even my work, even Elisabeth," he said savagely.

"You can't judge your marriage by normal standards,

## Love Has No Price

Continued from page 41

Sandy. It isn't a normal marriage. You will be destroyed if you think that way."

"I know. But what I'm getting to is this. I think you'd better go and see Elisabeth again, as often as you want to."

"What makes you say that? You've been reproaching me because I went once."

"Yes, that's done."

"What makes you think Elisabeth wants to see me? I certainly have no reason to think so."

"Go and see. Go and find out," Sandy said gravely.

Afterwards Richard examined the tone and the words. Was it some sort of test? Was it a way of saving Sandy's sense of guilt? Might he be almost relieved if the whole long, painful affair with Elisabeth ended? No—no, it was not that. Richard was pretty sure it was not that. But, almost, he didn't want to go back. Almost.

He had chosen tea-time and she had said, "Yes, Mr. Hilliard, come to tea." But she didn't sound very happy about it. He remembered standing at the door so many days and nights ago, warm with righteous anger, so sure of himself and his own powers. Now he felt like a beggar.

It was a shock not to see her in the brown evening dress he had so fixed in his mind, but in a green tweed suit. She looked altogether different. She did look scared now, tense and tight as he had originally imagined her.

"Go in," she said quietly, opening the door of the sitting-room. "I've put the tea on a tray. I'll go and fetch it."

It was bad to be alone in this room now, dim in the snow-light, where there had been such a glow. It was all a mistake, he thought, a mo-

ment of madness. What a waste of everyone's emotion! That was his first reaction, but when he had sat down the sense of this being in some way "home" crept over him.

"There," he heard her in the passage outside, also the satisfied tone of her voice. She put the tray on the table.

"You look worried," he said, challenging her, when they were settled with their teacups.

"I am worried, Mr. Hilliard."

"Why?"

"Sandy's very upset. He guessed, of course, guessed a little more than was real. I suppose you know that."

"Yes, he told me to come here. I wasn't going to—ever."

"Oh."

"Sandy is my best friend, Elisabeth."

"Let's have some light," she said irrelevantly. "It feels like a tomb in here."

The light did help. Richard looked round the room again with, though he was not aware of it, a starved glance. Why did it all say, "home, comfort, peace?"

"Elisabeth—"

"That's the second time you've said my name in a very portentous tone," and this time she smiled, at last, "What are you going to scold me about this time?"

"I've been saying your name for a week," Richard said quietly. "I've said nothing else to myself for a week."

"Except Sandy's name," she answered quickly. Neither of them had drunk their tea or started to eat. And now the silence came. Richard's silence was spent in forcing himself not to go over and kiss her, not to accomplish what had

been in the air between them all these days and nights. Hers was, it appeared, spent differently.

"Sex, I think, is rather overrated," she said in a small, dry voice.

"You don't mean that," Richard answered quickly.

"What do I mean?"

"You mean that you and Sandy have something which is powerful enough to withstand a superficial attraction to a superficial person like me."

"You're not superficial. You're just innocent," she said, smiling.

"Indeed?" At that they burst out into a saving laugh.

"Oh, my dear," she said, relaxing for the first time, "what is this all about?"

He stopped and looked down at her, half-tenderly, half-mockingly. "It's about what price love? Isn't it?"

"No," she demurred rather primly; "I can't admit that one can fall in love in an hour, just like that."

"Perhaps it's never happened before," Richard teased.

"Oh, Richard," she looked up at him with a lovely warmth. "I think you're a terribly endearing person."

"Sandy doesn't think so. It's no go, is it, Elisabeth?" he sat down and stared at her hard.

"I'm afraid not." She stared back at him as if now they were miles and miles away from each other, saying goodbye, and the train moving away, moving away, with one of them on it. "I'll say one more thing," she added very quietly. "You mustn't think it is pity, Richard. It's love. I love Sandy. You know that, don't you?"

"And sex is a highly overrated thing?" he said lightly, though all around him and in him the lights were going out and he was suddenly afraid of the dark.

## \* As I read the stars \*

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): September 18 isn't a good day to cross the road against traffic signals, to ask a favor of the boss, or go on a financial spree. September 20 promises social and sporting success.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): News on September 17 could send you up in the clouds or down in the dumps. September 21 smooths over quarrels with loved ones, is kind to women in particular.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): One of those lucky breaks on September 17 could save you money or get you off to a fresh start. On September 18 you may be dancing on the tips of your toes with joy.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): With a brainwave you go off at top speed on September 17 and make it a record day of achievement. Relax and enjoy the lighter side of September 19.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Since you're going to have to pay your money out anyway, you might just as well take first choice on September 19. This may be more important than you think.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Want to mix business and pleasure? Both may pay dividends on September 17 and 18. September 19 calls for time out and a bit of self-indulgence.

"No, but love is more, that's all. Love wins," she said.

"I feel I'll have to say one more thing, too," Richard said. "I didn't know it existed. Now I do."

"Richard, love is a good loser, too," she said gently. "Perhaps now you can begin to live. You never have really, have you? You've skated along

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): If September 18 holds a temporary disappointment, the week-end will compensate with successful plans and a new deal all round.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Member of a club. You might be elected to office on September 18. Romantic developments, a little sacrifice, or an offer of marriage, if eligible, on September 17.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 21): Take no communication on September 16 with a grain of salt. September 18 and 22 favor social and business undertakings.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22-January 19): Whatever project you can put it on in September 18, although other people may disagree. Reapportion may come on September 20.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Sitting on top of the world on September 18, you run the risk of expecting too much. Should September 19 prove a let-down, try again.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): A little present or an invitation may lighten September 16. Changes in the office may require careful planning over the week-end, when co-operation is the word.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological fun as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

so beautifully, so gracefully on the surface—"

"Maybe I can begin to do," he said bitterly.

"I wonder sometimes if it isn't the same thing," she said shyly. But the strange thing was that for the moment at least Richard felt, for the first time in his life, at peace, at home.

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## Overseas movie gossip

From London and Hollywood

**ERROL FLYNN** and his buddy **Clark Gable** have been whooping up the town at swanky Deauville, just across the Channel, and testing their luck at the gaming tables. Some of their whoopee has been a little noisy. Several of their neighbors at Deauville's Hotel Normandie have been complaining.

**EVER** since he starred with blonde Swedish star **Mai Zetterling** on the West End stage, **Dirk Bogarde** has been aching for a chance to co-star with her in films. He has got his way at last. Pinewood put them together for "Desperate Moment," to be made in war-shattered Berlin, Hamburg, and Munich from the famous novel by **Martha Albrand**. It seems **Mai** has been aching for this chance just as much. "We work wonderfully well together," she said. "We understand each other perfectly."

**BURLY**, glowering **Maxwell Reed** gets his first big-star chance for quite a while. He is to be **Yvonne de Carlo's** leading man in "Toilers of the Sea," the second film for which she came from Hollywood to Britain. They will film it in technicolor around the picturesque coastline of Jersey and Brittany.

**EVELYN KEYES** has had her little romp in Paris, too. But, after doing the nightspots for a glittering three months, she is going to work

there. France has secured her services opposite handsome **Henri Vidal** in "It Happened in Paris." Her role: an American millionaire's designer of her gowns: fabulous **Christian Dior** for her Paris costumes; and dashing **Jacques Fath** for her New York ensembles. Why **Jacques Fath**, a Parisian couturier? "His styles are very American," says **Evelyn**. "They have the same pep."

**HERE'S** a knock-knock from the past for older cinema-goers. Remember **Carl Brisson**? He is the rage of London. At 56, still full of boyish dimples and with muscles bulging under a sleek, midnight-blue dinner jacket, he is slaying diners at the fashionable **Cafe de Paris** with revivals of the great numbers he made popular, such as "I Bring a Little White Gardenia," "I Kiss Your Little Hand, Madame," and "Cocktails for Two." A whole new generation of fans are falling for him.

**AUDREY DALTON**, 18-year-old London-reared Irish beauty, celebrated four months in Hollywood by reporting for an important part in "My Cousin Rachel." **Dorothy Bromley** and **Joan Elan**, the other two girls who arrived in California with **Audrey** on an invitation from **Paramount**, also had options taken up. The trio have rented a house in **Beverly Hills** now that they are apparently launched on screen careers.

### Talking of FILMS

By **M. J. McMAHON**

★★ **Diplomatic Courier**  
AS an ace "carrier pigeon" of the United States State Department, **Tyrone Power** has a rough passage behind the Iron Curtain in Fox's "Diplomatic Courier."

Essentially in the Hollywood tradition, "Diplomatic Courier" is an enjoyable thriller that gives imagination a work-out and holds interest throughout.

Handsome **Mr. Power** is assigned the job of contacting a colleague—a friend in the service who is known to be carrying vital data concerning a secret Communist invasion.

Backed by U.S. Military Intelligence, **Power** turns Government sleuth when his colleague is murdered and the plans vanish.

Hectic entanglements which follow take place against convincingly evoked settings.

Blonde, frightened **Hildegard Neff** and garrulous, mink-clad **Patricia Neal** are the women in the plot; they manage to complicate the situation generally.

**Stephen McNally** and **Karl (Streetcar)** **Malden** play minor roles as, respectively, a U.S. Intelligence chief and his officer.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL**—★ "Whip-lash," boxing drama, starring **Dane Clark**, **Alexis Smith**, **Zachary Scott**. Plus ★ "The Unsuspected," thriller, starring **Joan Caulfield**, **Claude Rains**, **Constance Bennett**. (Both re-releases.)  
**CENTURY**—★★ "Belles On Their Toes," technicolor comedy, starring **Myrna Loy**, **Jeanne Crain**, **Debra Paget**, **Jeff Hunter**. Plus ★ "The First Legion," drama, starring **Charles Boyer**, **Barbara Rush**.  
**EMBASSY**—★★ "Happy Go Lovely," British technicolor musical, starring **Vera-Ellen**, **David Niven**, **Cesar Romero**. Plus features.  
**ESQUIRE**—★ "Saturday Island," technicolor romantic drama, starring **Linda Darnell**, **Tab Hunter**, **Donald Gray**. Plus "Seven Keys to Baldpate," thriller, starring **William Landigan**, **Jacqueline White**. (Re-release.)  
**LIBERTY**—★ "Ivanhoe," technicolor romantic drama, starring **Robert Taylor**, **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Joan Fontaine**, **George Sanders**. Plus features.  
**LYRIC**—★★ "Fighting Seabees," war drama, starring **John Wayne**, **Susan Hayward**, **Dennis O'Keefe**. Plus "Bad Boy," crime drama, starring **Audie Murphy**, **Martha Vickers**. (Both re-releases.)  
**MAYFAIR**—★★ "Diplomatic Courier," spy drama, starring **Tyrone Power**, **Patricia Neal**, **Hildegard Neff**. (See review this page.) Plus "Fabulous Senorita," comedy, starring **Estelita Rodriguez**, **Robert Clarke**.  
**PALACE**—★ "The Half Breed," technicolor Western, starring **Robert Young**, **Jack Buettel**, **Janis Carter**. Plus "Tanks a Million," army comedy, starring **James Gleason**, **William Tracy**. (Re-release.)  
**PARK**—★ "Man of Bronze," sporting drama, starring **Burt Lancaster**, **Phyllis Thaxter**. Plus "Decision of Christopher Blake," drama, starring **Alexis Smith**, **Robert Douglas**. (Re-release.)  
**PLAZA**—★ "Operation Pacific," war drama, starring **John Wayne**, **Patricia Neal**, **Ward Bond**. Plus features.  
**PRINCE EDWARD**—★★ "Detective Story," drama, starring **Kirk Douglas**, **Eleanor Parker**, **William Bendix**. Plus features.  
**REGENT**—★★★ "With a Song in My Heart," technicolor biographical musical, starring **Susan Hayward**, **Rory Calhoun**, **David Wayne**. Plus features.  
**SAVOY**—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring **Danielle Darrieux**, **Anton Walbrook**. Plus features.  
**STATE**—★★★ "The Marrying Kind," domestic comedy, starring **Judy Holliday**, **Aldo Ray**. Plus "Sunny Side of the Street," cinecolor musical, starring **Frankie Laine**, **Terry Moore**.  
**VARIETY**—★ "Red Mountain," technicolor Western, starring **Alan Ladd**, **Lizabeth Scott**, **Arthur Kennedy**. Plus "Night at Earl Carroll's," musical, starring **Lillian Cornell**, **J. Carroll Naish**. (Re-release.)  
**VICTORY**—★★ "The Sniper," psychological drama, starring **Adolphe Menjou**, **Arthur Franz**, **Marie Winsor**. Plus ★★ "Storm Over Tibet," drama, starring **Rex Reason**, **Diana Douglas**.

#### Films not yet reviewed

**CIVIC**—"Captive City," crime drama, starring **John Forsythe**, **Joan Camden**. Plus "Mr. Mugs Steps Out," comedy, starring **Leo Gorcey**, **Huntz Hall**. (Re-release.)  
**LYCEUM**—"The First Time," domestic comedy, starring **Robert Cummings**, **Barbara Hale**. Plus "Man in the Saddle," technicolor Western, starring **Randolph Scott**.  
**ST. JAMES**—"Skirts Ahoy!" technicolor musical, starring **Esther Williams**, **Joan Evans**, **Vivian Blaine**, **Barry Sullivan**. Plus "Holiday for Sinners," action drama, starring **Gig Young**, **Keenan Wynn**, **Janice Rule**.

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# Gary Cooper in "Paradise"

From a special correspondent in Samoa

Top-ranking American film star Gary Cooper, who is on location in the Samoan Islands to play the leading role in the South Seas adventure film "Return to Paradise," has been christened Kali Kupa by the local inhabitants.

**K**ALI KUPI means "brave Indian fighter" and indicates a man of great cunning and brawn. It also disposes of the "G" in Gary which Polynesians find hard to pronounce.

"Return to Paradise" is the technicolor version of James A. Michener's book.

More than 1000 brown-skinned feature and bit players appearing in the film bestowed the new name on Cooper as a tribute to his rugged screen characterisations.

Gary has only one complaint to make about his title. In order to live up to it in the eyes of island fans, he has had to dispense entirely with stunt men and appear in all action shots.

Fifty-one-year-old Gary grinned ruefully after mixing it with four burly Samoans in an early film sequence.

"I guess a man has to be cunning and brawny for this sort of deal," he said.

Locations for the film are mainly on Samoa, Ysawa, and Tokelau Islands. The company is scheduled to stay in the South Pacific for four months of shooting.

Headquarters of the film unit are at Apia, the chief town and centre of administration in British Western Samoa, on the Island of Upolu.

When the movie unit is not on distant locations, Gary Cooper, together with the rest of the company, finds time to hunt and fish and enjoy the warm hospitality offered by the islanders.

Cooper has taken to spear-fishing—a notoriously hazardous pastime in shark-infested Samoan waters—in a big way. A keen hunter, he has also joined local flying-fox hunts.

Despite the heat and humidity, island life has favorably impressed the lean and now deeply sun-tanned film star.

He became enthusiastic about the South Seas during a two months' tour in 1943 when he travelled 23,000 miles with a small band of entertainers to put on camp shows for troops in Pacific outposts.

"Samoans possess a natural talent for good living," commented Gary. "They know how to relax, and they adapt the mechanical aids of the Western world to suit their mode of living."



DIRECTOR MARK ROBSON (near doorway) puts star Gary Cooper (seated at left) and the rest of the cast of "Return to Paradise" through their paces during rehearsals in a schoolroom in Samoa.

"The most important single American influence on Samoan life is the sewing machine. Every small village has one."

"Men do most of the sewing, and the lava-lava costumes they make are among the most beautiful handicrafts in the world."

"Above all, the Samoans do not allow the machine age to interrupt their lives."

Gary Cooper hopes that the completion of "Return to Paradise" will not mean the end of his association with the South Pacific. He says he would like to build a home here some day.

Getting away from it all to the tranquillity of a tropic isle is a popular pipe-dream. Famous author Robert Louis Stevenson achieved it long ago.

Stevenson lived in Samoa and died here. His former home is now occupied by the High Commissioner.

"Books haven't done the South Pacific justice," Cooper said. "Life here is more beautiful than anyone can express in books or photographs. This is living."

Appearing with the star in the film are English actor Barry ("Seven Days to Noon") Jones, leading lady Roberta Haynes, and new "find" Moira MacDonald.

Moira, who has spent most of her 20 years in Apia, has had no previous acting experience but shows such talent that director Mark Robson hopes to take her back to Hollywood when his film is completed.

**GARY COOPER** (above) relaxes between scenes in the film "Return to Paradise" and shows the proper way to drink milk from a coconut. The picture is being filmed in British Western Samoa.

**SPEAR-FISHERMAN** Cooper (left), equipped with goggles, breathing snorkel, and underwater harpoon, bags a small octopus. Spear-fishing is a favorite pastime of the movie company.

## CARRIE



**1 PRETTY** Carrie Meeber (Jennifer Jones) meets Charlie Drouet (Eddie Albert) while travelling to Chicago. He asks her to dinner.



**2 FASHIONABLE** restaurant impresses Carrie. She meets manager George Hurstwood (Laurence Olivier), who falls in love with her.



**3 WARNING** George, his greedy wife, Julia (Miriam Hopkins), tries to stop affair. Carrie refuses to see George, learning he is married.

**AFTER** four years' absence from the screen (except for a short appearance in Britain's Festival film, "The Magic Box"), Sir Laurence Olivier returns in Paramount's period drama "Carrie." Ace director William Wyler directed Sir Laurence in "Wuthering Heights" in 1938. He also directed "Carrie." The screenplay is based on Theodore Dreiser's novel "Sister Carrie"; it tells the story of the overwhelming love of a handsome, middle-aged man-of-the-world for a timid country girl and of his gradual fall from affluence to failure and despair because the moral code of the time branded their association as illicit.



**4 CONVINCED** that George did not intentionally deceive her and that Julia is divorcing him, Carrie agrees to elope. George embezzles £10,000 of his employer's money which comes to his hands by chance.



**8 VISITED** by George back-stage, Carrie feels only pity for him. Because of this he declines her help, leaves without a last good-bye. Too late Carrie learns that George sacrificed family and wealth for her sake.



**5 OPULENCE** brings pair happiness; then George secretly returns stolen funds and has to economise.



**6 VISIT** from Julia, threatening to sue for bigamy, shocks pregnant Carrie, who loses her baby. Julia finally agrees to divorce George but the damage is done.



**7 STAGE** work brings Carrie success after leaving George, who vainly tries to explain that the baby's death was for the best. George sinks to the depths.



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**F2109.**—Small girl's tailored shorts and matching blouse. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 3½yds. bias binding. Price, 2/6.

**F2111.**—Pretty frilled party dress. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

**F2112.**—Sleeveless one-piece beach dress. Sizes 18in., 19in., 20in., and 21in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. contrast. Price, 2/6.

**F2113.**—One-piece attractively designed with contrast for collar and cuffs. Sizes 23in., 27in., 31in., 34in., and 36in. lengths for 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material with 1½yds. contrast. Price, 2/6.

**F2114.**—Ranger suit styled in plain and check material. Sizes 18in., 19in., 20in., and 23in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for shirt and 1½yds. 36in. material for trousers. Price, 2/6.

**F2116.**—Yoked one-piece with puff sleeves for the 1 to 3 years age group. Sizes 17in., 18in., and 19in. lengths for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. contrast. Price, 2/6.

**F2118.**—Button-up dress and matching pants. Sizes 17in., 18in., 19in., and 20in. lengths for 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for dress and 1½yds. 36in. material for pants. Price, 2/6.

**F2119.**—Sundress with contrast trim. Sizes 23in., 27in., 31in., 34in., and 36in. lengths for 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. contrast and 1½yds. bias. Price, 2/6.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 308.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS**  
The dress is designed with back buttoning and is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes blue, pink, and green. Sizes: Length, 17in. for one year, 12½in. for 2 years, 13½in. for 3 years, 14½in. for 4 years. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Price, 1/6.

**NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

**No. 307.—INFANT'S FOUR-PIECE LAYETTE**  
The frock, petticoat, and nightgown are obtainable in white muslin and pique. The garments are cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Size: Fits from 6 months to 1 year. Price, 1/6. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Price, 1/6.

**No. 309.—SMALL BOY'S SHIRT AND TROUSERS**  
The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make. The shirt in blue or white rayon crepe-de-chine and the trousers in British headcloth in blue, natural, green, brown, and white. Sizes: Length, 17in. for one year, 17½in. for 2 years, 18½in. for 3 years, 19½in. for 4 years, 20½in. for 5 years. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Price, 1/6.

**No. 310.—BREAKFAST CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVETTES**  
The set is obtainable ready to make with the applique pieces traced ready to embroider. The material is check cotton. The color choice includes yellow, white, and black; red, white, and black; green, white, and black; blue, white, and black. Size: cloth, 48in. x 48in.; serviettes, 12in. x 11in. Price, cloth, 19½in.; postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each; postage, 3d. extra.



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- |                         |                             |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cooked cauliflower    | 1 medium onion, chopped     |
| 4 medium potatoes,      | raw                         |
| boiled and mashed       | 8 oz. Kraft Cheddar (shred) |
| 1 large carrot, raw and | Breadcrumbs                 |
| shredded                | Salt, parsley               |

Here's what you do:—Place a layer of mashed potatoes alternately with carrot, onion and grated cheese in casserole or baking dish. Repeat layers; keep about quarter of cheese for topping. Season layers.

Arrange cooked cauliflower pieces in centre of dish, cover generously with remaining cheese, a sprinkle of breadcrumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until raw vegetables are cooked (30-40 minutes), and cheese topping is appetisingly browned. That's it — a satisfying dinner for four people with the heartiest appetites!

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# Use ONE EGG



"ONE EGG" BISCUITS, made from a simple sweet, savory, or cheese foundation mixture, keep well in an airtight container. Savory fillings and toppings or sweet decorations improve the appearance and flavor. See recipes on this page.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

## Biscuits illustrated on this page are made from a simple foundation recipe requiring only one egg.

VARIETY is achieved in both sweet and savory biscuits by using different flavors, fillings, and toppings.

The foundation recipe for sweet biscuits includes sugar, which is creamed with the shortening in the usual way. The savory biscuit foundation is prepared without sugar and the shortening is rubbed into the dry ingredients as for pastry.

All spoon measurements are level.

### FOUNDATION BISCUIT MIXTURE

Four ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten egg and vanilla. Work in sifted flour, baking powder and salt, mixing to a firm dough. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut as required.

### Two-tone

Using  $\frac{1}{2}$  of foundation mixture, rolled thinly, cut out 2 dozen diamond shapes with floured cutter or sharp knife. Place on greased trays, bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Cool on trays. Join two together with mocha cream. Ice with half white and half chocolate icing or half white and half pink icing.

### Marshmallow Biscuits

Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the foundation mixture rolled to barely  $\frac{1}{4}$  in.

thickness. Cut out  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 dozen rounds with fluted cutter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. size. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven, cool on tray. Top with green-colored marshmallow, sprinkle with coconut, add a piece of cherry if available.

### Peanut Butter and Fruit Whirls

Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  of foundation mixture, roll to oblong shape a bare  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Spread with softened peanut butter. Cover with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fruit softened over gentle heat with about 1 tablespoon water. Roll up, chill 3 or 4 hours or overnight. Cut into slices nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Makes approximately 2 dozen.

### ORANGE NUT COOKIES

Half cup minced unpeeled orange and juice, 3oz. shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, peanuts.

Wash and cut orange into quarters. Remove seeds; put fruit through mincer. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients with orange pulp. Drop a spoonful at a time on to greased tray, top with peanuts. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Makes 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen.

### ECONOMICAL CHEESE BISCUITS

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup grated soft cheese,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups soft white breadcrumbs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 1

teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 egg-yolk.

Soften shortening, gradually add grated cheese, and beat until soft and well creamed. Mix in breadcrumbs, sifted flour, salt, and cayenne. Add beaten egg-yolk and milk, making a dry dough. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut into shapes, bake in moderate oven until lightly browned. Cool on trays.

May be left plain or finished in the following way to make savories.

**Cheese and Olive:** Cut with plain round cutter and cook and cool as above. Top with slice of processed cheese (cut with same cutter) and a slice of stuffed olive.

**Fish and Egg:** Cut with plain, round cutter. Remove centres of half the rounds with a smaller cutter. When cooked and cooled, spread whole biscuits with fish paste mixed with chopped hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper, and nut of butter. Top each biscuit with one from which centre has been removed.

### ECONOMICAL CHEESE STRAWS

Make economical cheese biscuit mixture as above. Roll to a thin sheet on lightly floured board. Use two-thirds of the mixture to cut straws about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide. From balance of mixture cut rounds about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. or less in diameter, using a plain cutter. With a smaller cutter remove centre of each, leaving a ring. Place on greased tray, twist straws slightly, or leave plain and place on a separate tray. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool on trays.

Small centre pieces cut from rings may be brushed with milk and sprinkled with finely chopped raw peanuts before baking.

### FOUNDATION SAVORY BISCUIT MIXTURE

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cayenne pepper. Rub in shortening until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Work to a dry dough with egg-yolk and a little milk if necessary. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into rounds about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter with a floured cutter. Brush tops with milk, place on greased tray, bake 8 to 10 minutes in moderate oven.

### PARSLEY MERINGUE SAVORIES

Beat 1 egg-white with pinch salt and cayenne pepper until stiff. Fold in 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley and place a small spoonful on top of plain savory biscuits when cooled. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set, or place under grill for a few minutes. Serve at once.

### SAVORY CIGARETTES

Mash one small tin of sardines with lemon juice and pepper to taste. Spread thinly over about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of foundation biscuit mixture, cut into strips about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and 6 in. long. Do not take sardine mixture right to edges; leave a narrow border and brush with milk. Roll each piece into a thin roll  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and cut into two pieces. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven. Allow to cool on tray.



PEANUT butter and fruit whirls with orange nut cookies (above).



ABOVE: Marshmallow biscuits. Below: Two-tone biscuits.





# Readers' recipes

A creamy banana custard tart wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

**T**HE consolation prize recipe for creamed mutton Florentine calls for cooked minced meat, but uncooked meat may be used if desired. Add it to the sautéed onion, cook until the color changes, then add the other ingredients and proceed as given in the recipe below.

A baked banana roll and a fish dish using smoked cod or haddock also win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

## BANANA CUSTARD TART

Six ounces biscuit or short-crust pastry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated nutmeg (may be omitted), 1 cup finely mashed bananas, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, extra 2 tablespoons sugar.

Line 8-in. tart-plate with pastry. Mix castor sugar with lemon rind and strained lemon juice. Add bananas. Beat 1 whole egg and 1 egg-yolk with milk and nutmeg, add gradually to banana mixture. Mix well, fill into tart-case, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes until filling is set. Prepare a

meringue with remaining egg-white and sugar, pipe or spoon on to tart, return to oven to brown lightly. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. K. Whittaker, Lae, New Guinea.

## CREAMED MUTTON FLORENTINE

One onion, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups minced cooked mutton or lamb,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint mint-flavored white sauce, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 or 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, shredded cooked spinach, mashed potato.

Sauté sliced onion in melted shortening without browning. Add meat, white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, cheese, and eggs. Mix well, simmer 5 minutes. Fill into greased, oven-proof dish. Top with a layer of spinach, then a layer of potato. Dot with extra shortening. Reheat and brown in oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, 152 Faraday St., Carlton, Melbourne.

## BAKED BANANA ROLL

One tablespoon shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder or use self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk,

2 or 3 mashed bananas, extra sugar, lemon juice.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, making a soft dough. Roll  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick on floured board, spread with mashed banana, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Roll up. Place roll in heated milk in ovenproof dish. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

## SMOKED FISH WITH CHEESE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. smoked fish fillets,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup breadcrumbs, extra shortening.

Cover fish with water, bring to boiling point. Drain, remove skin. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Drain, place in greased casserole. Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and pepper. Stir over gentle heat 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of the cheese, mix well. Pour over fish, top with balance of cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Dot with shortening, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until golden brown on top.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.



BANANA CUSTARD TART has a smooth texture, mellow flavor, and attractive appearance. For extra decoration add a ring of banana slices coated with lemon juice inside the meringue topping. See the main prizewinning recipe on this page.

## Basic Recipe No. 19

## KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

### SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

(Sufficient to cover top and sides of a 9-in. cake.)

Two egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar, 2 tablespoons cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, flavoring, coloring.

Place unbeaten egg-whites in top half of double saucepan or in a basin (not glass) over a saucepan half full of boiling water. Add sugar, water, and

cream of tartar. Beat constantly over the boiling water for exactly 14 minutes, allowing 7 minutes for each egg-white. Remove from heat, fold in flavoring and coloring (if used); continue beating until icing will hold its shape. Spread quickly over cake with broad-bladed, flexible knife. Icing may be swirled into peaks, left smooth, or roughened up with a fork. Leave to set. Icing sets as it cools,

therefore it should be used as soon as it is made.

Flavorings: Vanilla, lemon juice, or grated lemon rind or a mixture of lemon and vanilla, peppermint essence, almond essence, orange rind.

### VARIATIONS

Coconut Frosting: Spread frosting over cake and sprinkle immediately with plus or toasted desiccated or crushed shredded coconut. For a change, coconut may be colored instead of nutmeg.

Chocolate Frosting: Fold 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2oz. melted dark chocolate and continue beating until mixture holds its shape.



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# Two-purpose KITCHEN UNIT

By JOAN MARTIN

● One of the most difficult problems in kitchen design is to provide a place where meals may be eaten which is sufficiently separated from the working area.

SEVERAL readers have written to me on this point. I think the plan illustrated fills the bill ideally.

It is both simple and inexpensive. This particular unit is built round a stove, but that is not essential, and the idea can be adapted to particular needs.

Though simple enough for the home carpenter or local handyman, this unit gives the kitchen the same streamlined effect found in more expensive ones.

The open shelving is handy for oddments and provides full view of the dining area, if necessary.

This is specially useful where there are children. It permits supervision of their meals while the mother is busy attending to other kitchen chores.

The flap on the dining side can be lowered to allow more room.

This space would be useful when wet weather makes playing out of doors impossible.

The stove side has room for cupboards, open shelves, or whatever you most require.

Old piano-stools, painted and given gay cushions, are ideal for the snack-counter as they can be easily adjusted to suit both children and adults.

The counter-top is perfect covered

with laminated plastic or linoleum, but a good lacquered finish would be less expensive and quite effective.

A very modern color scheme has been used to show how the simplest of kitchens can be made smart if paint is used with imagination and how effective white woodwork is used against a dark background.

For those who prefer a more conventional color scheme there are lots of combinations which always look good.

For instance, white walls, pale blue cupboards, dark blue linoleum, shocking-pink cushions on the stools; yellow walls, white cupboards, black-and-white check linoleum, turquoise cushions; pale green walls, cupboards the same green, dark red linoleum, and red-and-white check gingham cushions.

A small tin of quick-drying enamel used to paint jar lids, shabby wooden handles, and biscuit-tins goes a long way, and gives the room notes of color.

The plan shown is chosen, as I have said, for its simplicity, but there are many effective but more costly methods.

If you intend spending a lot of money on your kitchen fittings, I do suggest that you consult an expert in such matters. It is far more economical in the long run.

## Space-saving cupboards

Well-planned cupboards pay large dividends in home comfort. Two readers have sent their particular problems to me. I think that the solutions will interest many home-makers who are building or renovating.

A READER who is building a seaside home wants to install a corner handbasin in the guest room.

She would like to build a cupboard round the basin if possible, as she feels that it would look rather ugly by itself.

It would be a simple matter to build a cupboard round the basin—one that would provide counter space and room inside for shoes, etc.,—but the slightly more elaborate one shown may be worth the extra expense.

As you will see, it has everything that a thoughtful hostess should offer—good make-up mirrors, a long one for full view, rack for shoes, shelf for soap powders and various odds and ends.

The idea of having a basin in the guest room is excellent.

I feel sure that anyone who has "week-ended" with friends at the

**CHEST OF DRAWERS** which has a cupboard above it is suggested to a reader who wants to avoid an expensive built-in lowboy.

seaside will agree that it would add enormously to the comfort and pleasure of the visit.

To offer the luxury of being able to clean one's teeth and generally freshen up in the privacy of the bedroom costs a little more when the house is in the building stage, but pays large dividends in future comfort.

THE problem of another reader is that she and her husband have built a home allowing for built-in cupboards in every bedroom. However, the costs have so exceeded their budget that they are forced to make economies.

In her husband's dressing-room they are left with room between two walls that was intended for a built-in lowboy.

She asks if I could suggest a less expensive way of using the space.

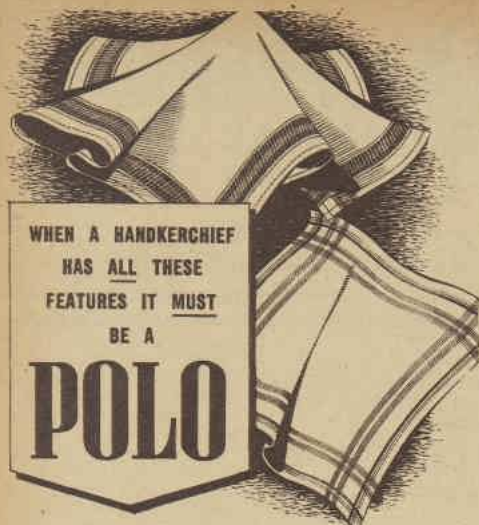
I hope that the idea sketched of a stock chest of drawers with two plywood doors overhead will suit the purpose.

Paint the front of the chest and the doors the same color as the walls and you will have an excellent substitute for the lowboy.



**BEDROOM HANDBASIN** in a seaside cottage becomes more useful and more attractive-looking when a cupboard is built around it. The cupboard above would be useful for storing luggage or extra bed linen.





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George Seibert,  
Hotel, St. Regis,  
North Fork, Texas.

George, if you have obligated us to pay rent for a hundred cows just for a few lousy publicity stunts you had better mount the fastest one and head east.—Dick.

**HOTEL ST. REGIS,**  
North Fork, Texas.

October 31, 1951.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures, Hollywood.

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir,—Dick, who would ever have thought that these people would take me seriously? Worse, that they would write their own script and then take that seriously?

Because that is what has happened and is clearly in no way my fault. In the first place it seems that the cattle market at Kansas City has been way down for several months and all the ranchers here have been holding all their cows waiting for the prices to go up. So the possibility of renting out thousands of these idle cows to the movies at several dollars a day per cow, plus food, naturally swept through the area like a brush fire.

And, of course, by the time the story had gone through no more than three hands, it was not that I wanted a few free cows for some sample picture but that I wanted thousands of cows right now for a regular picture.

You see, I meant that if the cows they sent over were satisfactory, we might hire them later at several dollars a day; and everybody around here, it seems, got the idea that if they were satisfactory I would hire them immediately at several dollars a day. Plus feed. You see how a simple misunderstanding like that could come about, Dick?

Actually, it's largely our fault. We have turned out this publicity mishmash for so long that everybody in this world from Hollywood is not only nuts but has forty million dollars. If we were making any kind of picture with a cow in it, we would, of course, want all the cows in Texas, expense no object. If people could just work in a studio once and see how much big talk it takes to get one actual clink out of a Hollywood cash register, how amazed they would be.

The other thing that made it easy for this false rumor to get started was these Hollywood characters that Anthony has had on hand; one look at them in the feed store, striding noisily around in their dark glasses and asking for ivory-tipped cigarettes, and people were willing to believe anything. So when they called me up at the hotel and I said I could indeed use some more cows, they all began rounding them up by the million with happy cries. The Hollywood gravy train had got to town.

And, Dick, there is just no use delaying the awful truth a minute longer. The terrible fact is that at this moment practically every cow in the State of Texas well enough to walk is headed this way, with the sick and infirm coming by truck.

The thunder of hoofs from every direction is like a kettle-drum production at Radio City Music Hall. With everybody expecting to get paid.

The minute I knew what was going on, I naturally tried to stop it. My first intimation of what was happening came at

## North Fork Folly

Continued from page 5

about four o'clock this morning, when I awakened with a start at the hotel to a strange clapping vibration. Rushing to the window, I looked out, and in the darkened street I could make out an endless stream of cows pouring through town. And with that horrible chill I realised that all these cows in some terrible way concerned me. I tore out of the room, still in my pyjamas, down the stairs, and into the street among the advancing cows.

"Stop," I cried, raising my arm.

I barely escaped with my life. I couldn't even get the mounted cowboys to stop. All they said was "Watch it, Mac."

So I hurried back in, got dressed, and hastened out to the ranch to a scene of the most utter confusion. It was still as dark as pitch, but you would have thought that the place was the Chicago stockyards at high noon. Dick, you have just never seen so many cows, and how they will ever get them sorted out I don't know.

But that is not my worry.

next picture, and send those ranchers home happy, and get out of here alive. There are probably not over five thousand cows here altogether, and at, say, three dollars a day apiece—three is several, isn't it?—the whole thing for both days would cost us only \$30,000. Plus a little feed. Plus, I suppose, a few dollars for any of the ranchers or cowboys we'd use in it. Plus, of course, incidentals. The incidentals we would naturally hold to a minimum.

Well, to make it short, I have done it. About dawn I rushed into the little frame house, which was already beginning to give, and informed the frightened group there that I had just talked to you by phone and that the studio heads had said that with these fine cows on hand we should make advantage of the opportunity by making a couple of days of background shots. Anthony was all for it when I told him that the studio would pay rent for the use of his ranch. Later, we can inform him that this is impossible.

So we've got quite a picture going and everybody is busy

for questioning. Do not attempt to question him himself, as he is tricky. I am leaving here at noon by plane to question Mr. Seibert personally and also to straighten out any inconvenience he may have caused our many good Texan friends. —Richard L. Reed, Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.  
Mr. George Seibert left town six-thirty this morning in his airplane, destination unknown. Impossible to apprehend him. But your other fellows are making the movie are doing just fine, and, by the way, could you use five hundred more cows? Have a few hundred head myself down at South Fork. I could have up here in not over two days. With instructions. They're good ones. Good-looking cows, too.—Cal Turney (Sheriff), Carson County, Tex.

Movie Director Henry King, Hidden Acres Ranch, North Fork, Tex.

Stop production immediately. Whole thing only a brainless joke of George's. Never authorized here at all. Get Anthony and others out of there if you have to tunnel through to Amarillo. And take first available plane back to Hollywood. I'll sort out something later to tell the ranchers. Incidentally, if you see Mr. George Seibert move him with a cheap grade of grease and tie him to the nearest anthill. I'll attend to him later.—Richard L. Reed.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.  
Not quite so fast, Mr. Trivett, our local telegraph operator, has had a couple hundred head of his own in your picture, so he naturally called me before he delivered your wire telling your fellows here to run out on us. If that's what you meant, which I now hope you didn't. But just to be sure I'm holding your fellows out that girl till somebody can sort something out of definite about a little matter of maybe fifty thousand dollars cow rent. Plus the feed bill. Incidentally, couldn't understand your wire threat to Mr. Seibert. He seemed to me like a real fellow.—Awaiting your reply.—Cal Turney (Sheriff), Carson County, Tex.

Sheriff Cal Turney,  
North Fork, Tex.  
Ha, ha, ha. Mr. Turney, it seems you misunderstood my little joking reference to Mr. Seibert which made you think I meant ill towards him. Just because I wanted to pass him and tie him to an anthill. Ha, ha, ha. Nothing could be further from my mind. He's a plane. Leaving here tonight by plane with ample funds to cover all obligations.—Richard L. Reed.

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood.  
May I ask what all the fuss is about? It seems that I can leave for a minute without everybody getting all uneasy. Anyway, now I'm back and everything is fine. The ranchers have all gathered up their cows and departed in happy bands and Anthony and the frightened four are leaving for Hollywood within the hour. Airmail special letter your details. Warmest personal regards.—George.

Please turn to page 53



"I'm sure it's nothing, dear. There are lots of strange noises out here in the country."

My worry is one of vastly greater horror. There are going to be a lot of mad Texas ranchers around here if I try to tell them that I was only kidding; they might very possibly hang Anthony, his house guests, and the undersigned. They nearly all have ropes, and I can't see what other purpose they have for them. And if they don't take direct action against us, I can assure you that never again would we take fifteen cents out of the State of Texas in admission to Federal Pictures.

Which I hope will explain why I have just taken certain action. By half an hour ago the situation had reached the point where somebody had to do something. Anthony and his guests were barricaded in the little frame house, and the ranchers, after asking me repeatedly what I wanted them to do, were all standing talking in quiet little groups, and the whole situation was what I can only describe as crucial.

That's when I got the idea. Why not make a picture? We had Anthony here, his leading lady, his director, two writers, a cameraman with a camera and plenty of film, and plenty of cows—why not proceed? To-day and to-morrow we could get all the background shots for Anthony's

and happy. The writers are figuring out various bits of cow action, and the director is inducing Anthony, his leading lady, and the cows to perform same.

The cameraman is taking the whole thing with one handheld movie camera, and the only lighting being used is God's good sunshine. We can dub in the sound later. I have always thought that most picture crews are overstaffed, and if this production turns out as well as I expect it will have proved it.

But at the moment I have the pressing executive problem of financing the production. Is a total of, say, \$35,000 okay with you, or should I look around and arrange to borrow the money locally?

As ever—GEORGE.

Sheriff,  
North Fork, Tex.

A Mr. George Seibert, a former employee of this company staying Hotel St. Regis your city, has suffered complete nervous breakdown and created embarrassing situation your area. At our expense please first rescue Western star Anthony Blaine and house guests from besieged Hidden Acres Ranch and get them to place of safety. Then seize Mr. George Seibert, help him into a pair of dry leg-irons, and hold him



HOTEL ST. REGIS  
North Fork, Texas.  
November 1, 1951.  
Air Mail Special.

## North Fork Folly Continued from page 52

pression that they were getting several dollars a day per cow, this at the time seemed not only unlikely but impossible.

I had a lonely dinner.

It was not, indeed, until around four o'clock this morning that I got the gimmick. It goes back to an old habit of mine, which is that nothing should be wasted, including cars.

I have always, therefore, tried to keep in mind that I am equipped with two of them. When I am talking to anyone I listen to him with one ear, which seems to handle the job adequately and which leaves me with one unemployed, or roving, ear. This extra ear I kept tuned in on the other happenings of a busy world, and what it picks up during the day I think over during the night. Often winnowing out facts of great importance.

And at four o'clock this morning I suddenly remembered that during my talk with Anthony a couple of the ranchers had strolled by, and I had overheard one of them

smartened up and taken a post as associate-editor of the Breeders' Guide, Kansas City's noted cow-and-pig journal. I repaired in great haste to his twelfth story.

"Why, George," he said, "welcome to the free world, and I can indeed give you some helpful dope on your cow problem. In fact, I can inform you that Monday morning around nine o'clock the cow market in this town is going to jump like one of those Mexican beans on a pogo stick. The buyers and the growers have been trying to wait each other out, but our Washington man just sent us a flash that the Government has decided to go ahead anyway with their next orders for Europe, and so Monday morning this market should see history's second instance of a cow jumping over the moon."

"Thanks very much," I said. "Now if you'll just jot some of that down for me on one of your splendid letter-heads, I'll be on my way."

I then hastened back to the airport, told the pilot, "Home

run, leaving us with an unfinished picture.

Their problem was suddenly not how to get any more of our movie money but how to avoid, with honor, losing far more money in the early gravy at Kansas City. Putting the shoe, as you might say, on the other foot.

I paused, to allow this interesting turn of events to sink in.

"Men," I went on, above the uproar, "the situation is simple. We started a picture in good faith and you rented us your cows in good faith. And, knowing Texans, I know that you won't leave till the picture is finished, even if it takes six weeks, by which time the high market may all be over. But we don't want that at all; the goodwill of Texas is far more important to us than the profit from any single picture. So we're willing to re-make all the stuff we've shot yesterday and to-day if you men are willing to forget whatever rent we owe you for your cows up to now. Okay?"

"I'll say," came the cry from all sides. "Darn nice of you!"

"Just one more thing," I cried, forcing myself to utter the hated words. "He's too modest to tell you himself, but my trip to Kansas City to check on the market was the idea of none other than Anthony Blaine, actor, rancher, and fellow cow-hand."

"Ray!" roared one and all. "Ray for Anthony Blaine!"

Which explains why, in the nation's papers to-morrow, you will see large front-page stories with pictures, explaining how Anthony, cowboy star and rancher, has brought untold wealth to his new Panhandle neighbors. Because with the splendid head start we have given them, every rancher in this area will get to Kansas City well ahead of the pack, and get positively rich. For all of which Mr. Anthony Blaine did get the credit.

Did you ever hear of anything more disgusting?

As ever—GEORGE.

P.S.—Oh, about the expenses, or the stuff we've shot the last two days, hunks of which we can use for years when we want a shot of a really large group of unidentified cows, we don't owe anybody a nickel.

Neither, it seems, do I owe anything for the plane I chartered for the trip to Kansas City; I chose a plane that belonged to one of the ranchers here, and as I figured he might, if things went well, he said to forget it.

And Anthony was so tickled over the publicity on his genius as a cattle baron that he said please not even to mention what he had said about any rent for the ranch.

There is, in fact, only one small cash item that I have actually spent. Joe Megrim was so helpful that I thought the least I could do was to shoot your original two dollars for a year's subscription to his *Breeders' Guide*. And I'm having it sent to you. Just think, every month for a whole year you'll be reminded of dear old George, tireless assistant and watchdog of the treasury.—GEORGE.

(Copyright)



saying to the other, "Bill, if we can just keep the movie money coming till the market rises at Kansas City, we're in . . ."

Of course. The solution of this problem lay not here but at Kansas City! Like all so-called smart businessmen, these ranchers intended to wait right here until the price actually rose, then they would ship.

I, on the other hand, believe that if you are in the need of rain you should walk down the road a ways to look for a cloud.

At six-thirty I took off in a chartered plane. For Kansas City.

At first, my progress there was discouraging. I talked to one cattle-buyer after another, but all any of them seemed to know was that the price was down. I did discover that there were practically no available cows in town; as many cows as there were around North Fork, Texas, any fool could see that they must be getting short of them in Kansas City. But no one at all seemed to have any idea as to when the price might go up.

Suddenly I remembered good old Joe Megrim, who, as you know, after several years of battering away at Hollywood in jobs similar to our thankless own, had finally

James," and relaxed for the first time in some days.

I arrived back at North Fork about an hour ago, to land in the midst of this strange feud between you and Sheriff Turney, who is really a swell fellow you couldn't help but like. Tut, tut, tut, Cal, I said, as he tried to tell me of your chicanery, Dick's a good boy at heart, and, besides, we have more important business at hand.

And calling the angry ranchers together, I displayed Joe Megrim's letter and told them of the approaching hoopla in the cow market.

Yesterday I had learned that one reason they had all been so anxious to bring so many thousand cows over to Anthony's ranch in the first place was that the shipping point was only about two miles down the road, and they figured that they could round up the cattle, come by and pick up a week or two of movie money till the market rose, then load them right on into the waiting cattle-cars, and a good and profitable time would have been had by all.

The only trouble was that the market was now due to hop a little sooner than they had expected. And, being men of their word, they naturally couldn't take their cows and

MOTHER! Watch for these signs of

## "HIDDEN HUNGER"



When your family drift along with "in-between" health . . . not really ill but seldom fully well—watch out!



We all need certain essential nutritional elements in our daily diet to give us vitality, stamina and glowing health. Children in particular, need extra nourishment to build up reserves of stamina.

To make sure you supply the essential nutrients, your children need every day, you should give them Horlicks. Made with milk, Horlicks guards against "Hidden Hunger."

Doctors and Nutrition Experts agree that "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realize. They say you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day—and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" . . . our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements.

Horlicks supplies balanced nutrition . . . made with milk, it guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER"



You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger." However, with to-day's rising costs, it is not always possible to have the RIGHT kind of foods your body needs. That is why Horlicks is so necessary in your home—for all your family. Horlicks contains full-cream milk and the

nutritive extracts of wheat-flour and malted barley. Prepared with milk and enjoyed between meals and just before bed at night, Horlicks is a balanced food which supplies the essential nutritional elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger."



Made with milk  
**HORLICKS**  
guards against  
"HIDDEN HUNGER"

P.S.—Hot Horlicks before bed induces deep, restful sleep.

H-2

## ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system! sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendozine, a new American scientific medicine starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curtailing the attack. The very first day, the thick phlegm is dissolved, saving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendozine from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

## SKIN ITCH Stops in 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



# EAT



with

## Vita-Weat

(REGD.)



Eat delicious Vita-Weat Savouries  
with cheese, sausage, egg slices, sardines  
or what you will.

Peck Frean's  
**Vita-Weat**  
(REGD.)  
**CRISP BREAD**

Crisply baked, golden-brown Vita-Weat! Delicious to taste and full of the goodness of whole wheat. Serve it with meals, for picnics, parties and lunches. Eat Vita-Weat as your daily crispbread to keep your energy up and your weight down.



## Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, once more, they hear a thunderous sound and are warned by another signpost to "Beware of the Great Game." Walking on, they see a fat man guiding huge balls with the aid of a curious machine. NOW READ ON:

**LOTTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and

**PRINCESS NARDA:** Are on their way back to their yacht "Argos" along Peril Road. They pass the first four perils safely and cross the fifth—a quicksand swamp—by a narrow path. On solid ground once more, they hear a thunderous sound and are warned by another signpost to "Beware of the Great Game." Walking on, they see a fat man guiding huge balls with the aid of a curious machine. NOW READ ON:

**MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTTHAR ARE AMAZED TO SEE A BOWLING GAME WITH EIGHT-FOOT BALLS AND TEN-FOOT PINS!**

**WHY—HE'S BOWLING! WHAT A FANTASTIC GAME!**

**THIS MUST BE THE GREAT GAME "THE SIGN WARNED US ABOUT, BUT WHAT IS THE DANGER TO US?"**

**WHAT KIND OF GAME DO YOU CALL THAT?**

**JUST WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE. BOWLING—KING-SIZE! WANT TO PLAY?**

**SURE, WHY NOT?**

**OH, MANDRAKE, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T. I FEEL AFRAID—**

**GOOD! COME ALONG AND PLAY!**

**THE FAT MAN PRESSES A BUTTON—**

**AND A TRAP DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS UNDER THEM!**

**THEY FALL ONTO A MOVING BELT THAT CARRIES THEM FORWARD RAPIDLY AND SHOOT OUT OF THE TUNNEL, INTO THE TENPIN RACK THAT HANGS OVER THE BOWLING ALLEY—**

**MANDRAKE—WHAT'S HAPPENING?**

**I DON'T KNOW—oops—**

**--I CAN'T MOVE--OH--**

**ELECTRIC CURRENT IS HOLDING US! --WHAT IS THIS?**

**YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO PLAY YOU WOULD BE THREE OF MY TENPINS!**

**THE RACK LOWERS THEM ON THE ALLEY—AND THEY BECOME PART OF THE "GREAT GAME."**

**MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTTHAR WAIT WITH ALARM. THE STRANGE BOWLER PRESSES THE BUTTON—THE RAMROD PROPELS THE ENORMOUS BOWLING BALL—**

**RACING DOWN THE ALLEY, THE GREAT BALL HITS THE PINS WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING CRASH!**

**TO BE CONTINUED**



A photograph of a rectangular box of Protex toilet paper. The box is light-colored with a textured, wavy pattern. The word "PROTEX" is printed in large, bold, serif capital letters at the top. Below it, in smaller text, is "REINFORCED PLYST 2547". To the right of this, the word "Calypte" is written in a cursive script. At the bottom of the box, the words "REGULAR AND BATH SIZE" are printed in bold, sans-serif capital letters.



# One Trick

## EVERY MOTHER KNOWS

There are—as every mother knows—two ways of handling the troublesome problem of the “after-dinner-burp.” One is the time honoured over-the-shoulder routine. The other is the equally well-known technique of giving the infant a teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding. Some mothers prefer to mix the Milk of Magnesia right into the baby’s bottle. Whichever method you prefer you can be sure of one thing—NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for “wind” pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits.

The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the purest quality obtainable. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for even the youngest baby.

# NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

SWEETENED & REGULAR: TWO SIZES, 2/4 & 3/11



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in their ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



NYAL

Sold only  
by Chemists



NYAL BABY POWDER

A beautifully fine powder to keep baby's tender skin soft and free from chafing. Used after the bath, NYAL BABY POWDER is soothing for sensitive young skin, because it actually resists moisture—and so lessens the chances of chafing—and because it contains a soothing, refreshing, antiseptic.



NYAL  
BABY COUGH SYRUP

A pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients, specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. Contains no opiates. 2-9-39.



NYAL  
ANTACID POWDER

Brings quick relief from the pain and distress of indigestion. It contains an ingredient which will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starch. **NYAL ANTACID POWDER** helps digest starchy foods. 1/4



NYAL VITAMIN AND  
MINERAL TONIC

A reconstructive, nutritive tonic valuable for all nervous and anemic conditions. It is a balanced formula of B complex vitamins, essential minerals, and trace elements. Builds strength in convalescence, improves the appetite. 8 oz. 6/- 16 oz. 11/-



NYAL FIGSEN

To-day, more than ever, NATAL is the ideal family laxative. Fights constipation in two forms—Regular for children and Double Strength for adults. Fights it promptly, but gently and safely in a more normal bowel action. Easy to take, pleasant tasting. Regular—21¢ Double Strength—34¢.